

Wm. H. Webb

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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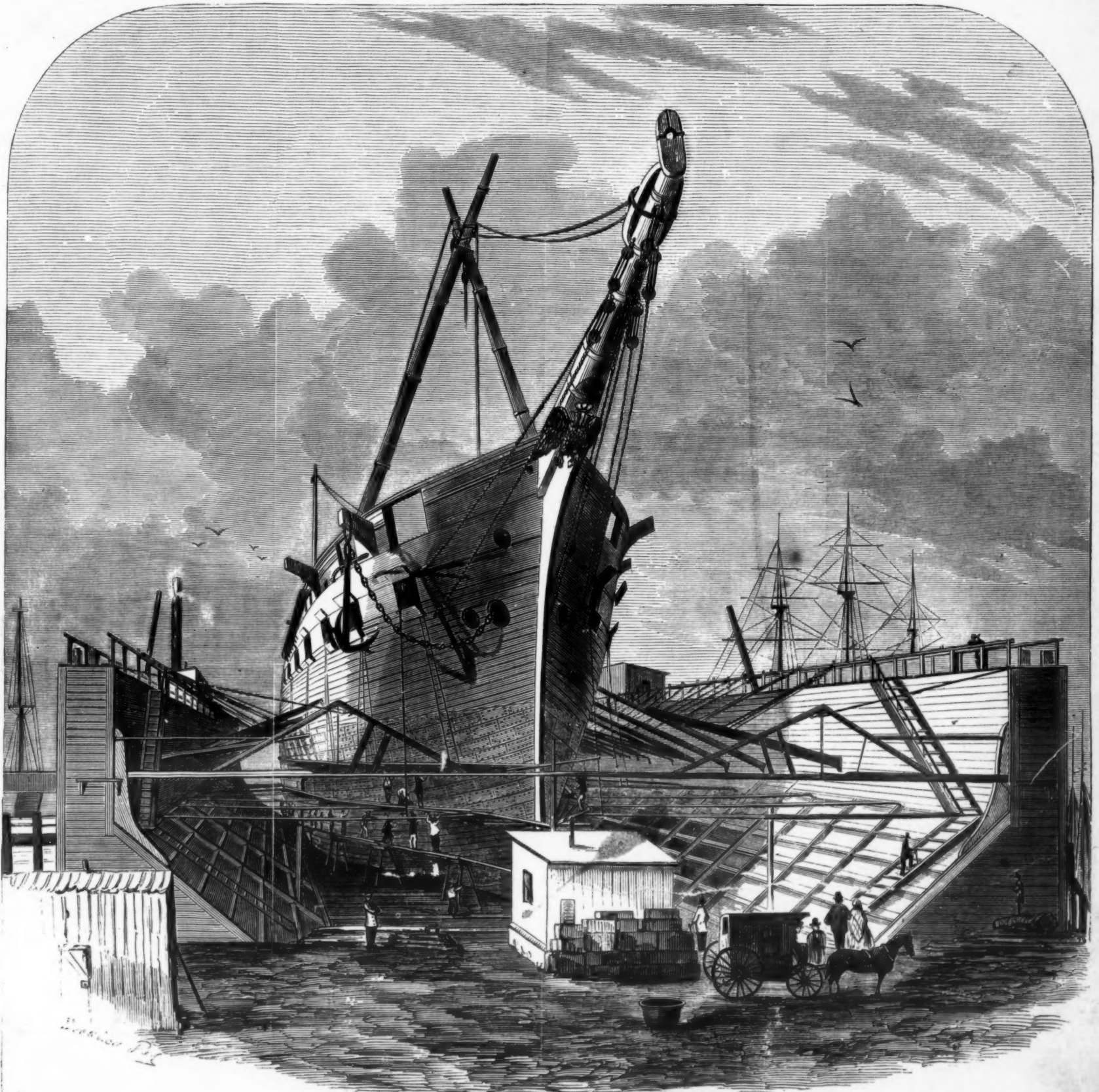
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE GENERAL ADMIRAL.

THIS magnificent specimen of marine architecture—the largest wooden vessel in the world—is now lying in the Balance Dock, where she is receiving her copper and other fittings. The huge frigate was built by Wm. H. Webb for the Russian navy, and was launched on Tuesday, the 21st September, or precisely a year from the day when the keel was laid. This operation was performed on the 21st of September 1857 (the anniversary of the

Grand Duke Constantine's birthday), by the Russian Minister and a number of Russian officers, with all the ceremony usual on such occasions. The model of the frigate is what is called the long, flat floor, full bilge, sharp ends, round stern, no poop nor cutwater, short forecastle deck. She is expected to attain a speed of fourteen knots under sail, and her draught of water will not exceed twenty-five feet. Her dimensions are: length on spar deck, three hundred and seven feet; breadth, fifty-five feet;

length over all, about three hundred and twenty-five feet; depth to spar deck, about thirty-four feet. She is pierced with forty-four side ports, and two stern ports on lower deck, and thirty side ports, and four large ports forward, and four large ports aft on spar deck. Her armament will consist of forty shell guns of large calibre on gun deck, and twenty long guns and two pivot guns of the largest size on her spar deck. The wood used is white oak. The General Admiral will be propelled by two direct horizontal



THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE GENERAL ADMIRAL IN THE BALANCE DOCK.

engines, each cylinder of which will be eighty-four inches in diameter and three feet nine inch stroke, with a nominal power of eight hundred horse, but an actual horse-power of about two thousand. The propeller—one of Griffith's patent—will be nineteen and a half feet in diameter. The ship can be raised out of the water at pleasure. She will have six horizontal tubular boilers, but will be rigged as fully as if no steam was to be used.

The Great Balance Dock.

Since her launching, the General Admiral has lain in the great Balance Dock, of which great engineering invention we present a sectional view. The dock is a vast structure composed of three tanks, of which the middle one is two hundred feet long, and the two others seventy-five feet each. When the vessel to be accommodated is not of great length, the middle tank is alone used, and the two smaller ones, being filled with water, preserve an even balance, whence the name. Our engraving presents a sectional view of the middle tank. In order to submerge the dock, the doors D are opened by the wheels V, when the tank becomes filled with water, and the vessel A is introduced. It is supported in an upright position by the blocks B, which are placed in a position beforehand. The tank is then emptied by means of the large pumps P. These are nine in number, and are moved by the wheels W. The water flows out at O, and the dock, as it is emptied, gradually rises from the water. The poles P and the blocks R are lowered down to prop the vessel. When work upon the vessel is concluded, the dock is again filled, and sinks until the vessel can be towed out.

This Balance Dock differs from all others in the fact of its being a single structure, in place of being composed of several sectional docks joined together in greater or less number, according to the length of the vessel to be taken in.

A SONG.

Deeper and deeper the twilight
Folds over the brooks and the leas,
And there rustles no longer a music
Mid the murmurous boughs of the trees.
A star has peep'd out of the azure,
And night broadens slowly above;
But, ah, there's no tap at the window,
No whisper—"Art coming, my love?"
Art coming? art coming?
No whisper—"Art coming, my love?"
My mother has paus'd from her spinning,
My father is home from his kine,
And yet there's no tap at the window,
No hand clasping closely in mine!
Hush, hush! there's a step in the garden,
And a shadow is gathering near:
Ah, now there's a tap at the window,
And a whisper—"Thy lover is here!"
Art coming? art coming?
A whisper—"Thy lover is here!"

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY

New Orleans.—This pleasant city (in the winter) will be very gay, especially in the theatrical line. Tom Pledge resumes the *Thelwell* crown in the Varieties, and has taken with him a most effective troupe. It numbers in its ranks the handsome George Jordan, whose recent marriage has plunged a popular manager into the deepest melancholy; A. H. Davenport, scarcely less fascinating and fatal to the fair; the glorious Johnny Owens, one of the best of the grimaces; John Seaton, George Holland, Mark Smith, a young Placide, deserving his descent from old Sol; Mr. G. P. Morris (not the General), and Dion Bourcault, who merely visits the Crescent City as a star. The ladies are equally attractive—being Mrs. Joyce (new importation, English), Mlle. Zoe George, danseuse (new importation, French), the Misses Gale and Miss Jackson, likewise eminent, &c. &c. Mrs. C. Plunkett, J. Seaton, Mark Smith, Seymour, Styles, Misses Graham and Adeline Lonsdale. The nightly expenses of the Varieties will be more than those of any theatre in that city, without counting the item of rent. The great Toodles Mica-ber is also engaged for twelve nights on his way to Havana, where he will be obliged to spend the winter on account of his delicate health.

Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania.—This able and exemplary man made a speech at a dinner recently given in Liverpool, where Lord Brougham presided. It was in response to a toast in honor of the clergy of all denominations. It was very much applauded, and the noble chairman said in his closing address, after the loving cup, that he hoped yet to take a trip across the Atlantic to see the grave of Webster.

Evening Post.—We clip from this ancient journal these musical items: "The New Orleans English Opera Troupe is possessed of a remarkable musical phenomenon—a tenor contralto. The tenor contralto is none other than a Miss George (not Georgia or Georgia, but Georgia) Hudson, a clever little contralto singer and actress, evidently addicted to bombastic titles."

"La Grange, Albany, Grist, and the rest of them, may as well retire from the stage. The keeper of a drinking saloon in Broadway announces the engagement of the celebrated contralto Madame Eliza Valentin-Paravalli, who stands absolutely without a rival for beauty of voice, transcendence of musical talent, dramatic sentiment and unrivaled execution! Where are the opera managers?"

This is, however, nothing to Miss Emma Southworth, who in a novel lately published in a weekly contemporary, makes her heroine's voice "become a soprano, although originally a high falsetto!" Such are the marvels, says the fair Emma, that can be done by perseverance.

Fete at Pittsburg.—The citizens of this flourishing region, on the 25th celebrated in grand style the capture of Fort du Quene, which fort, then a French possession, was captured by the British and Colonists, among the latter of whom the immortal George Washington served as colonel. The *Circular* says: "This event, to us, is of peculiar interest, but in many respects of the highest importance to the whole American people. The grandest project ever matured in the French Cabinet was the line of military fortifications, as a basis of colonial settlements designed to connect Louisiana and Canada, and permanently establish French supremacy in the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio and St. Lawrence; and consequently to confine the Anglo-Saxon dominion to the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains. The great Napoleon's dream of Russian and Asiatic conquest did not equal this. The war with the French and Indians, to counteract this ambitious design, culminated (so far as we are concerned), in the capture of Fort du Quene, on the 25th of November, 1758. In the five years of active service of these campaigns, Colonel Washington acquired that confidence in himself, that enlarged military experience, and that recognition of his eminent merits by the then Colonies, which led the Continental Congress to vest in him the higher responsibilities of Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army. It is, therefore, eminently proper that the centennial anniversary should be commemorated on the scene of former action."

The Wrong Woman by the Walnut.—A gallant military colonel of New York took his wife and a lady friend out to see a party and hear the music on Broadway on a late gala day. In their progress it became necessary to cross that thoroughfare, never an easy undertaking and now more perilous and doubtful than ever. At last the colonel espied an opening, and seizing (as he supposed) his lady around the waist, remarking there was no time to lose, ushered her at a 240 pace across Broadway, and after securing his charge in a place of safety, the fair one, whose face proved to be as black as tar, returned the courtesy by exclaiming: "Thank you, sir! thank you, sir!" The colonel immediately looked back to his place of starting, where he discovered his wife and friend in high glee at his blunder.

Pickled Walnuts and a Wonderful Parrot.—The Charleston *Mercury* says that a certain lady, who was famous for making pickled walnuts, and was very fond of eating them, too, one season discovered that her jars were emptied before she had fairly tasted her favorite pickle. She called her servants to account, but each denied having meddled with the jars, and the good lady determined, if possible, to find out the thief. So she made another like lot of pickles, and placed them on the shelf in the same store-room, keeping a daily watch upon them. To her great surprise, she discovered no other than the pet parrot to be the pilferer of her pickle jars. She sought him hounding out the walnuts with his crooked beak, and in her anger she dashed upon him a pitcher of hot water, which she chanced to have in her hand. Poor Parrot was so sad plight both in suffering and appearance; his bright feathers fell out, and he was long in this naked condition, nursed by the pity of his forgiving mistress. During this period of probation, a venerable friend of the lady, who was quite bald, one day came to visit her. He waddled quietly into the parlor, and, climbing upon the back of the old gentleman's chair, seemed for some time to be intently examining his bald head; then, going bold, he got upon his shoulder, and, with beak upon the bald spot, cried: "So! so! you've been at the pickled walnuts, too, have you?"

Whom to.—An involuntary injustice was done our Wisconsin friends in the article accompanying our view of the State Agricultural Fair at Madison, in our illustration of Nov. 2. We should have stated that the *congratulatory* was composed of three companies of infantry from the First and Second Regiments,

and one of Cavalry from the Eighteenth Regiment, Wisconsin State Militia, making one full regiment under the command of Col. Elsworth. The engagement was entitled Camp Mendota, and the efficiency of the officers and men assembled received high encomia from the press generally.

A Living Corpse.—Mrs. North got laughed at for her living corpse; there are, it appears, such things among the Chinese. A California paper says that one day an undertaker was called upon to make a coffin for a defunct Chinaman. He proceeded to the house of the dead, and was in the act of measuring the corpse, when, to his astonishment, it commenced a vigorous kicking. Of course the funeral proceedings were instantly stayed. In about an hour he was sent for again, and the messenger stated with much earnestness: "No heep shabbee, Chinaman dead this time good."

Brooklyn M. Rals.—In the Kings County Circuit Court, last week, an action, brought by the Rev. David J. Patterson, against the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, for balance due on salary, was tried. It appeared that Mr. Patterson took charge of the congregation in 1848, at a salary of \$800 a year. In 1852 it was raised to \$800 a year, and he had been paid at that rate until August, 1857. At that time the church was heavily involved in debt, on account of improvements in the building, or the erection of another edifice, and the trustees concluded to save further expense by dismissing the pastor. This they did by resolution, at the same time regretting the necessity for pursuing such a course. Mr. Patterson left the congregation and established himself in the Brooklyn Institute, to which place many of his former flock accompanied him. He has held forth at this place since that time. The trustees refused to pay his salary at the rate of \$800 a year for the last six months he was with them, on the ground, as alleged, that the services were not worth that sum; that the church was not incorporated, and therefore not liable; and that the plaintiff had been overpaid to the amount of \$1,250. The case was given to the jury about noon, who shortly returned with a verdict of \$392.68 in favor of the plaintiff, the amount claimed.

Taking French Leave.—Dr. Gallardet, who was convicted some two or three weeks ago for a murderous assault upon Mr. Cranstone of the New York Hotel, and who was waiting in the Tombs the passing of the sentence, took French leave of his Coctie street quarters last week, in a manner peculiar to New York. It appears that while the unsophisticated public is under the fond delusion that prisoners are locked up in the Tombs, they are really and truly having a pleasant time of it, with a policeman as a chaperon. Dr. Gallardet having a desire to dine at a certain restaurant in the Fourth avenue, asked his Pythian policeman to take a snack with him. Away they start. On their way to the hall of banquet, Damon Gallardet and Pythian Baker (the policeman) call and ask half a dozen friends to share their symposium. Wit and wine, not forgetting roast and boiled, were the order of the day, when the doctor retired for a few minutes to settle the bill. Wonderful to say he never came back! He settled the lawyers by sailing with his amiable and faithful wife for Havre. We are proud and happy to add that Officer Baker—evidently a Coctie-brother like the Pythian policeman, succeeded in capturing the doctor's hat—thus gallantly vindicating his honor!

New Jersey.—McMahon, who was tried for the murder of his brother's wife, has been found guilty and condemned to be hanged on the 12th January at Trenton. His counsel has moved for a new trial. These lawyers who use their legal ability to save criminals from society are a disgrace to the profession. As a step towards being at once to this most infamous practice of sheltering murderers, burglars, &c. We may the eloquent and truthful editor of the *Buffalo Advertiser* say, in an editorial upon the sympathy wasted on Ira Stout, that "We make a great deal of unnecessary fuss over our murderers. The reprobate who ename graces the head of this article, before expiating his crime upon the righteous gallows, was the object of more feminine tears and masculine sympathy than a prolonged course of well-doing would have secured to him. And this man Stout—the scoundrel who, to conceal his own past crimes and their punishment could falsify his sister's honor and make her the unwilling accessory to the murder of her husband who knew that secret—he was the man over whom pious ladies wept, whose lips they kissed, and locks of whose hair they begged as treasures and mementoes of one who might have been, they thought, good and great, but who was in reality only a vulgar, commonplace scoundrel, ripe for the gallows."

And yet eminent lawyers so far dishonor their profession as to devote all their energies to grant such miserable immunity for crime, when they will not stir a step to defend those who are struggling against municipal corruption. Such men are only the worst kind of Tombs shysters.

Utah.—Brigham Young.—A correspondent from Provo, Utah Territory, thus writes:

Having inquired of an elderly looking woman, for the President—for it is by that name the Mormons now call Brigham—the son for Brigham's private secretary. While waiting for his arrival, there was a good opportunity for noting more particularly the harmonious internal arrangements of Brigham's family. The women were dressed very indifferently; there was an absence of ornaments, also of starched skirts; but were the number of white bonnets. The form and condition of the females showed very plainly; nor could they boast down as less than very plain looking women, with harsh, unsmiling countenances. There were traces of beauty on some of them, but they were badly-tanned; they seemed coarse; while a depressed expression sat upon their countenances. The children were bare-footed, bare-legged and bare-headed. Two little fellows near got into a controversy, one alleging that the other had taken his marble, when the following language passed between them:

First Boy—"If you don't give it up, I'll tell mother."
Second Boy—"I don't care for your mother; my ma is just as good as your m."

First Boy—"No, she ain't; your mother is only Big Betsey."

Second Boy—"If you call her mother names, I'll tell father."

First Boy—"What does father care about your mother? she ain't pretty. Oh, I would not have my mother called Big Betsey."

Second Boy—"I am as good as you are, for my father is your father."

First Boy—"No, you ain't; for your mother ain't as good as my mother."

Second Boy (in a passion)—"You are a liar!"

First Boy—"I'll whack you!"

Second Boy—"I'll tell father, and he'll tie you up."

First Boy—"No, he won't, for my mother won't let him; she'll tell him you were to blame."

How this fine controversy between the juvenile prophets ended I cannot tell, for I was here interrupted by the entrance of Brigham's secretary.

We consider Mr. Buchanan's heaviest offence is the immunity he has granted that prince of brutes, Brigham Young. He ought to have been tried for treason, and then hanged—or, in such a case, we should have had no objection to his being hanged first.

Light Dawning.—The New York correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* says:

"The Press has cause to triumph in New York, for it has just achieved a signal victory over the most inveterate logyism and fossility. That elaborate cemetery of learning, the Astor Library, which is the precise converse of our most admirable City Library, as far as usefulness and accessibility are concerned, has yielded at length to the ridicule and remonstrance of the united press, and will shortly be opened to readers in the evening. Hitherto it has only been accessible between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 1/2 P. M. (or till 5 and 6 P. M. during three or four months), but now a spacious room in the extension is to be lighted up at night, and the stores of knowledge it contains are to be made really accessible to those whose business detains them 'down town' during the day. Henry Ward Beecher will hit off the fidelity of the place, when he stated, the other day, that he had only visited the Library once, and then without getting anything but a cold! Dr. Cogswell, the venerable Librarian, is to go to Europe in the spring, for the purpose of investing \$100,000 in new books. He has recently been spurred up by the press to a continuance of work upon the interminable Catalogue, which the next generation may, perhaps, see published."

Desiring the Prussian Forger.—Our readers will no doubt recollect the act created by the rescue of this man from the clutches of Bowyer, some four months ago, and the sympathy his wife's devotion created for him in the hear of the Western men. A letter from Paduch, Ky., dated the 10th, says: "The Prussian forger, Desling, better known as Mr. Cornea, destroyed himself by blowing out his brains a few days ago, at Memphis. His wife, a jolly dame, was in expectation of his return to Paduch, but as soon as she heard of his death she sought of a ready consolation, and got married the same day to a young fellow, one of her nearest acquaintances. Desling, it will be recollected, gave the Prussian government a good deal of trouble, on account of a scheme of forgery which he contrived and partially executed on one of the Russian banking houses. He fled to the United States, was pursued, eluded his pursuers until his arrival at Chicago, played an engagement at a theatre, and there also met his wife, proceeded to St. Louis and thence to Paduch, where he was arrested. The sympathies of the people were excited in his favor; on an examination before the court, it was decided that the papers did not present a case for the operation of the extradition treaty, and he was released." It seems evident from this, that the self-destruction of the unhappy man proceeds from the misconduct of the fair lady.

Accident to General Paez.—The celebration of Evacuacion Day passed off with only one accident; but that was of a serious nature. Gen. Paez, the hero, was invited to review the troops, was seriously injured by the fall of his horse upon him. His foot was badly crushed, and one of his legs was lacerated. Medical aid was immediately procured, but the attending physician stated that the accident was proof of a serious character, should inflammation occur. The accident will undoubtedly delay the departure of the General for Venezuela for some days. He proposed to leave on Saturday. The military parade was remarkably fine, and the day was favorable for the display. The troops were reviewed by Governor King and Mayor Tiemann.

California.—The thirtieth Overland Mail from San Francisco arrived at St. Louis on Wednesday, 24th November, bringing advices from the Pacific Coast to the 29th October. There is very little additional news. The expedition against the hostile Indians in Carson Valley was under thorough organization, and operations would soon commence. All Americans who had emigrated to Fraser River, who were desirous of returning, and were unable to do so from want of means, were offered a free passage to California by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. From Sonora we have a reiteration of the statement that Gaudara has again taken the field against Pequeira. He has a force of five thousand men, and Pequeira was drafting men to meet him.

The Comedian and the Parson.—We perceive from the *Sunday Times* that the famous comedian, W. Davidge, cannot tell the clergy alone. He has got now hold of poor Caylor, who has gripped the theatrical critic of the *Herald* some years ago. We have not room for the letter, which is very tartly written, but as Mr. Caylor will doubtless reply, we shall retain our criticism.

fill them. It is very absurd of the pulpit to fall foul of the stage. They are both powerful organs of civilization. We ought to add that the attack came from Mr. Caylor, who denounced in a very unjust manner the opera and drama (both of which he admits he has never visited), in a sermon preached by him at the Cooper Institute last October, and which has been since published in a pamphlet form.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Africa we have news to the 13th.

It was ascertained that Spain, encouraged by a pretty well-founded hope of Anglo-French aid in the Gulf, would certainly make a hostile demonstration against Mexico. A large body of troops were to be forwarded to Cuba.

Napoleon's letter on "negro immigration" met the approval of most of the Paris papers. *Le Nord* of Brussels says that the French Government only intends to renounce the traffic in African blacks on condition that it shall obtain from England all the facilities desired for the substitution of coolies from India.

It was rumored that the Prince of Monaco was about to sell his principality, situated between Nice and Villafranca, to Russia.

The steamship *India*, Empress, three weeks out from New York, was not heard of at Galway when the Africa sailed.

The preliminary elections in Berlin resulted in favor of the new ministry. Professor Whitehouse still hoped that the Atlantic cable would ultimately work, so as to pay a handsome dividend to the shareholders.

A serious excitement prevailed in Japan, and the prejudice against foreigners was renewed, owing to the fact that the natives were dying of cholera, which they said was carried there by an American war ship. The people thought that their wells had been poisoned by the outsiders. The Russians had concluded a desirable treaty with the Emperor.

The French were about to march into the interior of Cochinchina, having met with signal success at Tauran.

When the British tariff with China was arranged at Shanghai, Lord Elgin would go to Hong Kong for the purpose of having a full understanding with the authorities there. Nothing was doing in trade at Canton.

ENGLAND.

The Ionian Pacifier.—The retirement of Mr. Gladstone to the Ionian Islands puzzles everybody. Club men hint that £5,000 a year, even for one year, is very agreeable to one of the Outs. Book men say the great editor of *Homer* desires to go over the very ground of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Some allege that Mr. Gladstone is in a false position, and lifts himself out of our politics until he may be forgotten, and begin on a new score.

Death of a Lady from Fright.—On Wednesday evening an inquest was held at the Cook tavern, Ossulston street, Somerset, before Mr. Wakley, on the body of Mrs. Amelia Jones, aged fifty-one, whose death took place under the following circumstances: The deceased was the wife of a teacher of languages, carrying on his profession at No. 9 Gee street, Somerset. On Sunday night, after the family had retired to rest, a disturbance took place amongst some of the lodgers, who had come home at a late hour in a state of intoxication. The deceased was awoke out of her sleep, and owing to the sudden alarm fell into strong hysterical fits, in which she continued until the arrival of a surgeon, who resorted to such treatment as he considered the nature of the case required, but the unfortunate lady expired about three hours after the surgeon had received. In answer to questions from the coroner, Mr. Jones stated that his wife had always enjoyed excellent health, and went to bed perfectly well on Sunday night. Mr. Rentmore, the surgeon, said he found the deceased insensible, and fearfully convulsed. It was evident she was suffering from an attack which deeply affected the brain. He made a post-mortem examination, which resulted in his being able to state that death was caused by congestion upon the surface of the brain, no doubt brought on by sudden and excessive fright. A verdict was then returned accordingly.

PRUSSIA.

A Model Prime Minister.—Since the dismissal of Manteuffel, late Premier of Prussia, disclosures have been made which fix upon him the disgrace of stealing the King's private correspondence, and of having established a system of espionage worthy of Fouche. It is also rumored that the King's imbecility is partly owing to his having administered slow poisons to him, in order to retain his power as Chief Minister. His efforts, however, have ended in his placing upon the throne his bitterest enemy, the present Regent of Prussia.

FLORENCE.

Our Travellers.—A letter from Florence dated 16th October, says: Among the Americans recently arrived here, is Mr. Franklin Pierce, our late President. The health of Mrs. Pierce is improved after the brief tour and sojourn in Switzerland and Northern Italy. They will spend a short time in Florence, and then set off for Rome, where it is their intention to pass the winter. Mr. Hawthorne has left Florence for Siena, where he will pass a month, prior to his return to Rome. Mr. William W. Story, the distinguished sculptor, will also leave Siena—where, with his family, he is in the habit of passing the summer—to resume his artistic labors in the Eternal City. Mr. Edward J. Mallett, of New York, has arrived here with a commission from our Government to establish a commercial agency in Tuscany; an office which, undoubtedly, can be made essentially to promote American interests.

MEXICO.

We have news from the city of Mexico to the 15th, and from Vera Cruz to the 21st inst. General Miramon had arrived at the capital, and Zuloaga was leaving contributions to repair the fortifications. The liberals had been successful at Zacatecas and elsewhere. Three Spanish and two French vessels of war were at Sacrificios, and the balance of the French fleet, with Admiral Randal, was daily expected.

HOLLAND.

The Slave Question Again.—In Holland a bill had been brought before the States, at the Hague, for the emancipation of the slaves in Surinam and Curacao. The first colony is to get eleven millions of florins, the second three millions. Slaves are estimated for indemnity according to a tariff. A negro on a sugar plantation is 375 florins; on a coffee or cocoa plantation, 250 florins; on a cotton or rice plantation, 200 florins. There are 37,740 slaves in Surinam, and 9,000 in Curacao.

CHINA.

Additional advices from China inform us that the French and Spanish forces had landed at Touran, a port of Cochin China, and the place was taken without the loss of a man. The bay and river of Touran were held in a state of effective blockade by the forces under Admiral de Genouilly from the 1st of September.

The Dutch expedition against Jambé had also been successful. The landing took place on the 6th of September, and Jambé was in possession of the Dutch. The loss of the natives was considerable, while on the side of the Dutch four were killed and thirty-four wounded.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Awful Calamity.—A most fatal event has happened in Bradford. It appears that in the manufacture of lozenges a composition named "diss," which is prepared in Derbyshire, is extensively employed, and about a fortnight ago, Mr. Neil purchased about twelve pounds of it from a druggist named Hodgson, in Shipley. He was served by William Goddard, aged about eighteen, who is an assistant to Mr. Hodgson. The latter was ill in bed at the time, and Goddard, who had asked him where the diss was kept, went into the cellar for it, but brought the arsenic cask instead of it by mistake, and from it weighed twelve pounds, which was subsequently mixed with the lozenges which had been ordered by Hardaker.

Up to nine o'clock on Monday evening, from fifty to sixty persons had been reported ill to Mr. Copland, superintendent of constable of the West Riding, and six or seven deaths from the different surrounding townships, no fewer than fifteen being cases in Fagley lane, Ecclethill. Every means are being used to give publicity to the matter, through the bellows of the different villages, and also by large placards, plentifully posted, bearing the signature of Colonel C.bbe, chief constable of the West Riding.

The number of cases now reported to Mr. Leverett, at the Bradford borough police station, is sixty-six cases of illness, and fifteen deaths. Hardaker, the person who sold the lozenges in the market, is so ill that the medical men despair of his life. We understand that Mr. Neil, the confectioner, and Hodgson, the druggist, are particular friends, and this may account for the fact of the diss having been purchased of the latter. The greatest excitement prevails throughout the whole district. William Goddard, the young man in the shop, has only been in the employ of Mr. Hodgson a few weeks, having recently left school. Already fifty persons of all ages have died. It is feared that many more will be victims to this terrible mistake.

A Girl Frightened to Death.—Committal for Manslaughter.—An inquest was held by Mr. Myrds coroner, at Much Hoole, a village seven miles from Preston, on Monday evening, on the body of Martha Spencer, a girl of thirteen years, whose death was the result of a heartless joke perpetrated by two young men, named Richard Forshaw and Robert Mawdsley, of the ages of nineteen and seventeen, apprentices to a wheelwright. On Friday evening, about six o'clock, deceased and six other girls, on their way home along the turnpike road, saw a coffin lying across the footpath; and when they were within four yards of it, the coffin moved, and a hollow sound proceeded from it. The girls all ran back screaming till they met Joseph Gill, who persuaded them to go with him to the spot. The deceased and another girl clung to him trembling, and then they saw Forshaw and Mawdsley lying the coffin on their shoulders to carry it away. They afterwards acknowledged they had done it to frighten the girls. Mawdsley behind a hedge pulling a stick tied to the coffin handle as the girls approached. After dinner on Saturday the girl became ill, on Sunday morning began to vomit blood and a dark-colored fluid, and soon afterwards expired. Mr. William Howett, surgeon, Preston, found, on a post-mortem examination, that death was caused by rupture of the gall bladder and extravasation of bile over the external surface of the intestines and stomach. The fright had probably caused the rupture, though it might have resulted from vomiting. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Forshaw and Mawdsley (who were present) and they were committed for trial at the assizes.

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A Remarkable Occurrence.—A sensation has been caused at Nun-eaton, Warwickshire, in consequence of a young woman of that place having come to life after her apparent death. Preparations were made for her burial, and the bell tolled, and the coffin was lowered into the grave, but as a few hours after her supposed death she awoke, and ultimately recovered. She states that during the time she was in the trance she could distinctly hear the conversation of those near her.

A Celebrated Coffee-house.—On Tuesday, at Carraway's salerooms, the celebrated tavern and coffee-house, Corinth, known by the name of "Tom's Coffee-house," came under the hammer of Mr. Haines, by order of the mortgagee. The house is one to which some interest attaches, from its having been one of the earliest coffee-houses in the city. The premises, which have been shut up for two or three weeks, are held on lease from Earl Cowper for an unexpired term of nine years, at a yearly rent of one hundred and fifty pounds, but have been sublet at one thousand pounds a year. The auctioneer could not get a bid for the property, and it was consequently withdrawn.

An Infant Accidentally Hanged.—On Tuesday morning Mr. Carter held an inquest at the Royal Oak Tavern, Bermondsey, on the body of Thomas James Arder, aged twelve months, the son of a journeyman gas-fitter. On Friday last the mother and father retired to bed with their infant, and about five o'clock the following morning the father was aroused by the child crying, and then missed the deceased from her side. Upon going to bed on the night before she took the precaution to place a table by the side of the bed to prevent the deceased falling out; when she missed the infant she obtained a light, and found that it was suspended by its neck between the table and the bed. Medical assistance was at once procured, but the poor child was quite dead. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

IRELAND.

A Cardinal's Fast.—The painful degradation which the Catholics groan under is rather amusingly exemplified in the following extract from the *Dublin Nation*:

"The following is the official list of the dishes and courses at a public dinner given to Cardinal Wiseman at Dundalk, on a Friday in September last, when it was his duty to 'appear unto men to fast.'—Soups—Oyster soup, vegetable soup. Fish—Salmon plain boiled, salmon pickled with fish sauce, salmon fillet for an admiral, salmon in Saxon fish sauce, salmon done with cream and bread crumbs, salmon spiced, sole done with bread crumbs, sole done in the Italian fashion, sole plain fried, sole in Colbert's fashion, fillet of sole done in fish sauce, fillet of sole done with bread crumbs, fillet of sole done in hotel style, fillet of sole done Dutch fashion, fillet of sole with oyster sauce, whiting fried in bread crumbs, whiting broiled in hotel style, fillet of whiting fried, Dublin-hay haddock in the good woman style, Dublin-hay haddock baked, haddock in hotel style, fillet of haddock in St. Paul's style, cutlets of lobster, scolloped oysters, oysters done with bread crumbs. Between Courses—Puff pastry of oysters, puff pastry of lobster, and lobster fritters. Second Service—Bosher dressed, oysters in bread crumbs, lobster salad, cream of vanilla, Charlotte Russe pudding, thin pastry in leaves, Parisian almond cake, surprised cake, raspberry tarts, apple tarts, hot pudding, pastries, ice pudding, fruit, cakes, biscuits, &c."

If this be a Cardinal's fast, pray, sir, tell us what must be a Cardinal's feast. Cardinal Wiseman, who has all the bad qualities of an Englishman, his stupidity, ignorance and gluttony, may well refuse to write an "Eber book." Fancy his feelings after such a debauch as the above, in which lobster salad was the most digestible of the dishes. Who can wonder at a Romish Inquisition coming out of such a nightmare?

FRANCE.

A Melancholy Event.—General de Salles, whose bravery at Sebastopol was so much commended, has been killed by his brother-in-law in a fit of frenzy. A French paper gives the following particulars:—"M. Cananville rose up suddenly, and not finding his wife by his side, cried out that they had taken her away from him; he traversed his house in a fearful paroxysm of fury, seized in his library a small six-barrelled revolver, and fired one of the bullets at his cook, who had her foot slightly wounded by it. Having descended to the ground floor he approached the front door of his house, which was open, and here he fired off a second barrel. The ball made a dent in the door frame and struck in the street one of the villagers, but the contusion was only slight. At the noise of this firing, and at the cries which were uttered, Madame de Cananville and the general came out of M. Vincent's house. The general, seeing his brother's state, hastened to disarm him, and they struggled together. In the struggle M. de Cananville succeeded in firing his armed hand, and fired; the ball struck the unfortunate general in the left groin, and he fell. M. Vincent and another person having run up, at length seized the madman, and were able to consign him to the gendarmes, who had also been drawn to the spot by the uproar. The general got up again and walked to M. Vincent's house. A medical man being called in, attended to him at first, while they were fetching from the town of Orange another medical man, Dr. Dugat. I was sent for myself this morning, and being unable to take with me Dr. Parnaud, surgeon in chief to the hospitals of Avignon, who is dangerously ill, I went for the first surgeon of the 14th Regiment of the line, and brought him with me by the first train. The ball cannot yet be extracted; it is a conical bullet of very small diameter. The disorders it has produced do not appear as yet to be serious; the patient has only a slight fever, has preserved his full consciousness and complete clearness of intellect."

A telegram from Avignon on Tuesday announces that General de Salles, who had been shot as above described, is dead.

French American Colonies.—Mr. Lever, of the Galway Line, had arrived in Paris to arrange with the French Government the transmigration of their mails via Galway. This route will enable the French Colonies in Newfoundland to receive intelligence from France in six days instead of nineteen, the average time under the present system. This latter fact gives an amusing and significant proof how much behind America and England *La Grand Nation* is.

The Emperor's Devotion.—Ventura, not Lorenzo of Fulton street, but Father Confessor to Louis Napoleon, has so terrified the conscience of that remarkable man, that he has made the Emperor nearly as pious as himself. Crinolines are already at a discount, the ballet has had an inch deducted from its usual indecency, there is less squeezing in dancing, and an extra five minutes has been added to the sermon. What new atrocity does the modern *Riberius* contemplate?

HAYTI.

New York Aldermen Ellipsed.—The Emperor Faustin I, who imitates France in all things, and has, like her, princes, marshals, dukes, counts, colleges and universities, recently resolved to establish an academy of forty members, like the world-renowned French Academy. But it was not so easy to select the forty, every inhabitant of the empire who could write his own name thinking himself qualified. So his Majesty decreed that three thousand of his subjects who possessed the reputation of being the most lettered of all should, on a given day, assemble at his palace, and be subjected to a literary test. When they were collected, he announced that the test was the writing of the word *citron*, and that those who made no error in the spelling should be members of the academy.

Pens, ink and paper, were brought, each of the three thousand people wrote the word, and the judges of the land and the bench of bishops were charged to examine the three thousand papers. They proclaimed that thirty-nine only of the candidates had written the word correctly—that is, with a C, the remaining two thousand nine hundred and sixty-one having used an S. "Only thirty-nine," cried the Emperor, "and we want forty. Well, I will be the fortieth member myself." "Sire," cried the judges, "your Majesty will no doubt desire to submit to the test?" "Of course," exclaimed Faustin, and in a large bold hand he wrote Xitron with an X. The judge looked puzzled for a moment, and then, after glancing at each other, proclaimed that his Majesty had passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The Emperor was thereupon proclaimed, amidst the enthusiasm of the assembly, a member of the academy. "And I will be perpetual secretary, too," added his Imperial Majesty, with pardonable vanity.

ITALY.

What a People!—An incident has just occurred at Parma much resembling a late event at Venice. Madame Ristori was invited to give some representations, and proposed to play in "Judith." In this tragedy some lines occur to the following effect:—"War is holy against the foreigner." This is a hymn which is sung at the end of the piece, and which at Venice led to boisterous demonstrations. The censor at Parma accordingly hesitated to allow it to be sung. An appeal was made to the Duchesse Regent, who replied that in the Duchy of Parma there were no foreigners; and that, therefore, no one could be offended by the allusion. The piece was then played in its integrity, and the Duchess being present at the first representation, witnessed the enthusiasm which the hymn referred to evoked. Every succeeding evening that Madame Ristori played, the audience called for the hymn; and one night in the part of "Myrrha," and another in *l'Edre*, the celebrated tragedienne, in the midst of the loudest applause, recited the hymn of Judith.

JAPAN.

The wonderful civilization of Japan is attested by the retinue of Lord Elgin, who find the cities and their inhabitants apparently absolutely faultless. Think of a street of palaces ten miles long and a stately castle holding easily 40,000 troops! Every body clean, neat, comfortable and orderly. What pretence has Lord Elgin for obstructing upon an unoffending people, who begged us to go away, and who apparently can learn nothing from us that is good that they do not know and practice better than ourselves? Europeans among such people remind us too forcibly of the approach of the Spaniards on Montezuma and his people.

TURKEY.

A Protestant Church.—The idea of founding a Christian church in the headquarters of Mahomet et al. must have been pronounced an impossibility, and how like a fiction this reads:

The 19th ult. was an interesting day to the British residents at Constantinople, being the day appointed for the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Memorial Church by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Three o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremonial, and shortly before that time the piece of ground on which the church is to stand was crowded with the members of the English colony. A large tent was erected at the top of the enclosure for the persons of the embassy and their friends, whilst the *profane vulgar* thronged round the central spot wherever standing-room could be found. Over all floated a string of signal flags, borrowed from the Caradee, as the gala dress of the scene. The ceremony began with the reading of a suitable prayer by Mr. Gubbie, the embassy chaplain, which was followed by the singing of the 84th

Psalm, joined in by all present. Lord Stratford, wearing the broad ribbon and star of the Bath, then advanced to the front of the tent, and delivered an address of ten or fifteen minutes' length, which decidedly elicited the emotional applause of all present. It is only defect being its utter absence of allusion to his own approaching retirement from the scene of this commemorative celebration. His lordship then descended to the foundation, and after depositing the usual bottle of oil and roll of parchment in the prepared cavity in the lower story, spread the mortar over the surface of this last, upon which the upper one was then lowered, and struck with the mallet by the official in the usual way. Then followed another prayer and hymn, and a short, energetically cheered speech from Sir Henry Bulwer; when "God Save the Queen" sung with right lustre by every voice present, concluded the ceremony. Cheers for the late and present Ambassadors, three rounds for the Sultan, and nine rounds for the Queen, started the quiet Turks of the neighborhood after the ceremonial proper had been completed. The whole proceeding was gone through with a warmth of national feeling in the highest degree creditable to the hearts and lungs of all present.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Curious Frolic.—As some young girls were a few days ago playing on the side of a hill near Asti, in Piedmont, one of them, to amuse herself, crept into a large barrel which was lying there, propped up by a few stones. Her companions, by way of a joke, and without thinking of the serious consequences that might have occurred, removed the stones and set the cask in motion, and kept rolling until it reached the bottom of the hill, a distance of about 150 yards. Several persons who witnessed the progress of the cask were amused by the numerous bounds it made in consequence of the obstacles it met with, but they were alarmed at finding on its reaching the bottom that there was some one inside. Strange to say, on the girl being released from her awkward position, it was found that all the injury she had sustained was some slight scratches and a few trifling bruises.

The Ballet Girl.—The following remarks are, to our shame be it said, alas! so true that we give them. The ballet girl is a creature to be esteemed! Fair dames of unalloyed fame would feel themselves ennobled by the touch of such an one; yet they lead themselves to the encouragement of the display which tends to debase their sisters. They sit in their opera boxes and watch these young creatures, in their light costumes, seeking the admiration which to them is their life, and then, when the curfew is working to the full, these fair pure dames condemn those who have thus amused their idle hours, and shrink in their superhuman modesty, from the bare mention of their names. This is the world's philosophy, its misnamed prudence and propriety. This is the cold hearted selfishness which teaches women to stand apart from those of their own sex, when, more than all, they require her care and kindness and guidance.

Anecdote of Princess Frederic Wilham of Prussia.—We are pleased at meeting with the following in an English paper, since it satisfactorily disproves the absurd though painful rumors which have been most extensively circulated by our press, respecting one whose youth, amiability and exalted position have made her an object of interest and sympathy:—"It will interest many of our readers to learn that the Princess Frederic Wilham of Prussia, who is a beautiful creature, is an artist in her new home; and more, that the Princess still seeks the assistance and remembers the attention of those who were her early instructors. Mr. Edward Corbould, from whom the Princess received her first lessons in art, has just now returned from Babelsberg, where and at Potsdam, during the temporary cessation of his duties at the palace at Berlin, he has been superintending her studies. Recollecting certain absurd but no less vexatious rumors, it is gratifying to receive from an eye-witness evidence of the more than ordinary domestic happiness enjoyed by one whom all Britain regards with affection. The Princess makes practical use of her skill in drawing in the furnishing and decoration of her residence, and is having a studio fitted up in the new palace in Berlin. Her royal highness appears to be a great favorite, and many anecdotes are told to show her kindness."

"Shall we step out of our way to give one? At the last fair in Berlin, where everything was to be bought that pleases young and old, there was one stall which was filled with things that are comforting and useful, such as felt shoes and slippers, worsted stockings and woollen gloves. The Princess had been looking from the windows of the palace upon the various groups and knots of people in the fair, noting the harmony and contrast of color with an artist's eye, when her attention was called to this stall, in which sat a lone woman, to whom none went. The following day the same scene presented itself—the solitary figure, and no customers. The Princess at last determined that there should be one customer at any rate, and accordingly intimated that her pleasure was to walk. On reaching the bottom of the stairs she told the attendants that they could remain there whilst she advanced to the gate. Entering the stall, she asked the price of the contents, to which the woman replied that it would far exceed the price of a young lady—it would amount to twenty-four thalers. The Princess laid but twenty in her purse at the time, but the Prince luckily appeared in sight; four thalers were borrowed, and more old women than one in the happy, for the contents of the stall were distributed as soon as bought. The story is told as characteristic of the kind heart of the English Princess."

Assurance for Husbands.—Funch tells us some of the principal capitalists of London are engaged in the formation of a new company for insurance from damage by fire. In consequence of the constantly occurring accidents, by which ladies, owing to the immensity of their dresses, are either burnt to death, or have a large portion of the valuable and extensive stock of drapery which they carry about with them destroyed, those eminent financial gentlemen have determined to establish a Wife Insurance Company.

French Proverbs on Women.—That "the good time is coming" has been so long promised we almost despair of its arrival, though we have anxiously awaited it, hoping that it would bring with it "our right" to annihilate or exterminate the vipers of our poor defenceless sex. We read that women, wine and money have their poison and their honey. As to women, let us extract their bad or doubtful qualities first. Say once to a woman that she is pretty, and the devil will repeat the same to her ten times a day; so goes the proverb, *Amme fort belle, rude et rebelle*—a pretty wife is always in a state of revolt. But then of pretty wives, or good wives, there are only two in the world—the one is lost and the other has not been found. Yet pretty women and bad gowns are always sure to be picked up. God made woman a shepherdess to lead her husband forth to pasture; and what the wife wishes God will. Note well, two eyes are not sufficient to take a wife. Choose your wife by your ears and not by your eyes, for to take a woman by her eyes is not good counsel. A pretty woman is like a feeble city, easy to take and difficult to keep. We are here on this point. It is as easy to fix a woman as the wind. God keep them, notwithstanding, if they do not blow from the east. *Amme est en toute raison la dame de la maison*—he lady wishes to be mistress in her own house; and right enough too, so long as we have not the cold shoulder. Women are always better next year; but next year is like the morrow, which never comes. Smoke and women drive a man out of doors; and two things a man has to fear—his wife and thunder. A wife and the muse are contrary as fire and water, which must be a great verity. A woman hides only that which she does not know.

A Romantic Affair.—As a caution to aristocratic mammae who have susceptible daughters, we copy the following: A curious story is told of an approaching marriage of the daughter of a Russian prince and princess, and a musician well known in London and Paris. It appears, at Baden the professor was engaged to give accompanying lessons to Madlle P., and that a mutual though unconfessed attachment was the result of the frequent musical *at-tilés*. At the *adieu* which was given immediately prior to the departure of the family, some practical joker, seeing the state of things, put his views to the test by suddenly exclaiming, after the artist was gone, "How dreadfully out of E—looked to night!"—a fact which was universally conceded. Immediately after he again exclaimed, "Why, here is E—!" at which he meant P. Stop, there is a bit of paper inside. What does it say? He approached nearer the lamp, and perusing the paper, exclaimed, rushing to the door, "There is not a moment to be lost. For E—, your wife!" Of course every one crowded around, while Madlle P.—stood pale and motionless by the piano. The paper was picked up and read aloud—"Before this meets your eye, I shall be no more; I have been to terminate a life no longer bearable. Keep this hat, which I shall want no more, and remember me." Of course every one was agitated, and most of the men rushed out into the street, while Madlle P.—left upon the floor in a violet of hysterics, and with all the consternation which filled the place, none were so completely overcome as the poor wretch himself, who had only meant to play a pleasant trick and not to raise a house about his ears, as he had done. Meanwhile Madlle P.—was conveyed from the room, but not before she had betrayed her secret, amid the most dismal wailing; and just as the musician was brought back in triumph by his friends, having been found at his hotel, he heard his own name pronounced with every epithet of endearment and term of self-reproach in the voice he loved best to hear, and with an earnestness which must have comforted his heart. It was true that this singular marriage, of which so much has been said and written, has been brought about. The bridal party are to arrive in Paris for the purpose of the purchase of the trousseau, and the fulfilment of the ceremony, at an early period.

Convent Life.—Without wishing to test the sanitary excellence of convent life, we record the following for the benefit of those particularly desirous of longevity. The Amsterdam papers mention the death in that city, on the 19th of last June, of Miss Louise Lohrte, aged 15 years. The deceased was sprung from one of the wealthiest families of France; and in her 23rd year became a Sister of Mercy, so that at the time of her death she had passed over one hundred and two years in the conventual life.

A Touch of Genuine Feeling.—A London paper says:—"Among the passengers by the last steamer from Galway for New York, was an Irish woman who lay with her a nicely painted flower-box filled with 'Irish earth,' and in it were packed three Irish shillelaghs. She said she was going out with her daughter to join 'her people' in America, who had sent for her, and added, 'I was all that I had to take.'"

Man's Fidelity.—A gentleman holding a high official situation in the West of Ireland left for London to marry the governess of his children; but so smitten was he with the beauty of her sister, that he transferred his affections, person and hand to her.

CHESS.

Down Town Chess.—The over-crowded state of Hoffman's Chess room has induced Mr. Bassford, 149 Fulton street, near Broadway, to provide some six or eight Chess boards and men for the accommodation of those players who cannot find a seat at the old place. Those who are fond of a quiet, uninterrupted game may be gratified as above. It is a singular coincidence that the boards occupy the very spot where the first organized club in America played.

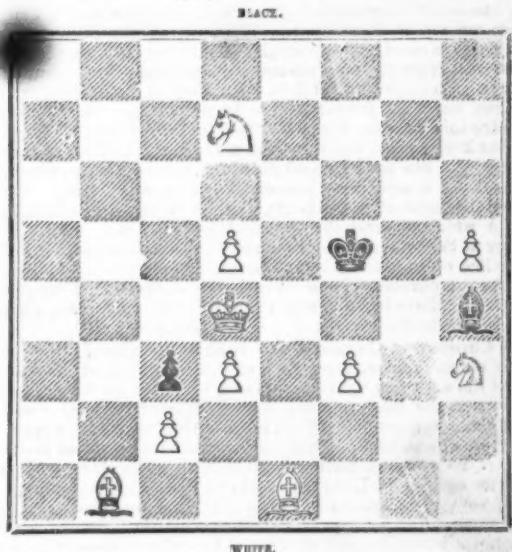
THE ORIENTAL CHESS CHAMPION.—The Rev. Mr. Scudder, in the course of a sermon preached at the North Dutch Church, Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, in illustration of the versatile talents of the Hindoo, remarked that a certain Brahmin was the best Chess-player in the world. While we doubt the correctness of the statement, we are glad to see the growing respect exhibited for Chess by occasional remarks and illustrations from the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Bartlett, a young man in the church, a few weeks since drew a striking illustration from the Chess board. The reverend gentleman first mentioned a well-worn in matters pertaining to India, and is probably personally acquainted with the Brahmin referred to. Nothing could gratify us more than to open a game by correspondence with the celebrated Oriental. Will Mr. Scudder please place us in communication with the Indian champion?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MATTHEW WILSON, Esq., New Bedford, Mass. The welcome parcel is to hand. Further by mail.—A. B. C., Hartford, Ct. Stanton's Chess Hand-Book will instruct you in the openings. Send \$1.50, and we will forward you a copy.—P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C. The Brooklyn Chess Club admits members under twenty-one years of age, and we believe the same is the practice with the New York Club. We certainly coincide with you when you say, "I believe it incumbent on all Chess Clubs to foster and cultivate a Chess mind, no matter in how young a person it is found." Will shortly write you in relation to the new Chess men and boards. They will be worth waiting for. Club size will be five dollars; parlor size, four dollars; club boards, four dollars; parlor boards, three dollars. Please have patience for a short time, and you will not regret having waited.—WALKER MEARS, Wilmington N. C. The prices of the new Stanton men are stated above. Will write you again as they are ready.—M. S., Chicago, Ill. Your suggestions are noted. In relation to Problem No. 1 in *Fraser's Chess Hand-Book*, you are incorrect, as White R a4 Q R4 would take Black R mating.—HARRY GRAY, N. Y. Your problem did not reach us. Please send another copy.—A. STURGEON. A Pawn, on reaching its eighth square, must be immediately replaced by a piece, which piece may be captured the same as any other. Calling a piece some eight or ten moves after the Pawn has reached the "queening square" is simply ridiculous. J. H. M., Avon Springs, N. Y. Being determined that the tournament awards shall be satisfactory to all, we give the problems to one of the committee at a time. He selects, then, we give them to another; he also selects without knowledge of the previous selections. They are now in the hands of the last committee man, so that our readers may expect to know the awards very soon. We have none of your problems on hand. All have been inserted.—J. WILKINSON, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y. The former problem destroyed. The latter on file.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—W. H. C., N. Y. Problem on file for examination.—J. B. C., Nashville, Tenn. The correction will be made.—P. H., Jr., Providence, R. I. Problem will be duly criticized.

PROBLEMS EXAMINED.—Our contributors will please have patience. Every problem sent us shall have due attention. The following are but a part of those under examination: P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C. No. 1 is correct; No. 2, try B3 to Q4; No. 3 and 4 we believe to be sound.—P. M. B., St. Louis. Nos. 1 and 2 will soon appear.—Dr. B., Philadelphia. In No. 15 we think that Kt to Q3 will give another solution. Nos. 16 and 18 are correct.—E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. No. 13, try 2 White, Kt to Kt2; No. 11, Q to K B3 at second move is fatal.—J. W. Jr., Syracuse, N. Y. Three move position all right.—G. K. T., Lynchburg, Va. The two positions are believed to be sound. One of them is, strictly speaking, a Chess puzzle, and not a legitimate problem.—W. O. F., Syracuse. Try R4 to R. We think this gives another solution. CARLETON, N. Y. Try Black Kt to Qsq. at third move.

PROBLEM 173.—By H. J. B. CUMMINGS, of Winterset, Iowa. White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME played between NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA, as telegraphed over the New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn wires to the Brooklyn Chess Club, corner of Court and Remsen streets. (QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED)

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
New York.	Philadelphia.	New York.	Philadelphia.
1 P to Q4	P to K3	20 K to B2	K to B3
2 P to Q B4	P to Q4	21 K to K2	P to Q R4
3 Kt to Q B3	Kt to K B3	22 K to Q2	R to Qsq (ch)
4 Kt to K B3	P to Q B4	23 K to K2	K to Q6
5 P to K3	Kt to Q B3	24 P to Q R4	P to K R5
6 P to Q R3	P to Q Kt3	25 P to Kt4	P to K R4
7 Q B P Kt3	K Kt3 P	26 P to K3	P to K B4
8 H to Q Kt5	Q B to P2	27 R to Kt2	P to K B4
9 K Kt to Kt	P to Kt	28 R to Ksq	P to Q B5
10 Castles	P to Q R3	29 P to K P (ch)	K to P
11 B to Kt	B to B	30 R to K7	K to K6
12 Kt to K5	Q to Q B2	31 R to B7 (ch)	K to K5
13 Q to K Kt4	B to Q2	32 R to P	K to P
14 Q to K B3	R to K3	33 P to Kt4	R to K7 (ch)
15 Q to K2	B to Q8	34 K to Bsq	P to P
16 P to K B4	B to K B4	35 R to K7	R to Q Kt sq
17 P to Q Kt3	B to K5	36 P to K B5	R to K B
18 B to Q Kt2	P to K R4	37 R to P (ch)	K to K6
19 Kt to K B3	K to B q	38 R to R4	K to R5
20 Kt to K5	Q to K2	39 K to K2	P to R6
21 Q R to Qsq	H to K R3	40 P to K4	P to R7
22 P to P	P to P	41 R to B	R to Q Rsq
23 Kt to B	Q to Kt	42 P to K B6	E to B5
24 Q to Q3	Q R to Q Kt sq	43 P to Q R	K to Q6
25 Q to K3	P to K3	44 K to K3	K to P
26 R to K5	R to R	45 R to B7	R to Bsq
27 B to K5	K to K2	46 R to P	R to P
28 B to Q Kt sq	P to K B5	47 R to R4 (ch)	K to K6
29 B to K (ch)	K to B		

The despatch then received at the Brooklyn Club was, "New York proposes a draw. Philadelphia agrees." The following two dispatches then passed over the wires:—"PHILADELPHIA.—We consent to a draw, and congratulate the New York committee on the able manner in which they have conducted the game."—"NEW YORK.—New York also congratulates Philadelphia upon the termination of the first game of the match—a termination which is equally honorable to both parties, and which can be a source of no dissatisfaction to either."

SOLUTIONS.—PROBLEM 166, by T. M. BROWN.—Kt to Kt3; R4 to Kt (best); Kt to Kt4; R to Q Bsq (best); Q to B4; P to Kt; Q to K2 (ch); K to K4; Q to K6 mate. PROBLEM 165, by E. A. B., Charleston, S. C.—R to B3 and Q mates next move. PROBLEM 167, by H. J. B. CUMMINGS.—K Kt to K B7 (ch); Q to Kt; B to B (ch); Q to K7 mate. PROBLEM 168, by G. K. T., Jersey City.—Q to P (ch); Anything; Q to K P (ch); Anything; Q to Kt (ch); Anything; Q to Ksq mate. PROBLEM 169, by J. D., Per lead Me.—B to K6; Q P to K5; P to B5; Q P move; B to K5; B P move; K to K5; P to B; B to Kt2 or Q5; P move; mates. PROBLEM 170, by Dr. B., Philadelphia.—Kt to Kt5 (ch); K to Q4 (best); Kt to Kt4; Q to K5; K to B5 mate. PROBLEM 171, by J. WILKINSON, Jr.—Q to Kt3 (ch); K to K3; Q to R4 (ch); Q interposes; K to K2; K to B5 mate, with variations.—PROBLEM 172, by T. H. S. NEWARK, N. J.—Kt to Kt6; K to Ksq or P to Kt3; K to R6 (ch); K to K2; K to B5 mate, with variations. PROBLEM 173, by S. LOTT.—Q to Kt4 (ch); Kt to B2; P to K4; P to P; Q mates, with several variations. PROBLEM 174, by Dr. C. C. MOORE.—Q to Q B5 (ch); R interposes; Q to Q6; K moves; Q mates.



CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE—"THE LIGHT FELL UPON AN OBJECT ALL HUDDLED UP OF A HEAP."

DARING PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

MR. CHARLES R. WEBB, who in July of last year adventurously crossed the Atlantic in a small cutter yacht, named the *Charter Oak*, has recently accomplished a second enterprise of the kind, having arrived at Southampton, England, on the 2d ult. in a small cutter named the *Christopher Columbus*, accompanied by two boys, neither of them previously acquainted with nautical pursuits. The cutter sailed from New York on the 19th of August, and occupied forty-five days in the voyage. She is only forty-five tons burden, fifty-three feet in length over all, forty-four feet keel, sixteen feet in width, and the mast is fifty feet six inches long. She has no raised bulwarks, the deck being merely protected by a stout rope sustained by iron stanchions. Her greatest draught of water is six feet. "A more frail looking bark in which to cross the stormy Atlantic (says a person who saw her at Southampton) it is scarcely possible to conceive; and as she lies off the town quay, surrounded by the larger craft built for the purposes of our river and coast, few would imagine or scarcely believe it when told them, that this miniature vessel could have travelled over such a wild waste of waters."

The *Christopher Columbus* was built at Stamford, Connecticut, in seven months, every part of the work, except the stepping of the mast and the rigging, being executed by Webb himself, even to the cutting down and shaping of the timber with which she is constructed. Webb is a native of Stamford, twenty-nine years of age, and a shipwright by trade, his nautical knowledge, as he tells us, having been gained while working as a carpenter on board a Liverpool packet ship. This is the seventeenth voyage he has made across the Atlantic—nine out and eight home. The voyage was conducted throughout on strict temperance principles, and the stores of provisions were of a very modest and unopulent character, consisting only of biscuit, mackerel and hams, with a little salt beef. The vessel is built of oak, and sloop-rigged. A plain cabin, with sleeping recesses on either side, in the centre of the vessel, the stores occupying each end, constituting the whole internal economy of this remarkable craft.

THE FUNERAL CAR OF NAPOLEON I.

A GRACEFUL compliment has been paid by the British to the French Government, in the presentation of the Funeral Car which was used at St. Helena in the interment of the great Napoleon. This interesting relic remained at Longwood until 1828, when Sir Hudson Lowe sent it to England, and it was deposited in Woolwich Arsenal, where it remained unnoticed for thirty years. Some months ago, however, the British Government bethought themselves of the car, and it was resolved to present it, after due restoration, to the present Emperor. Search was accordingly made for parties present at the melancholy ceremony in the prison island, and the very man who had fitted up the hearse nearly forty years ago was met with. One of Sir Hudson Lowe's servants also came forward, and the recollection of these two veterans was exercised for the restoration of the car.

As it stood in the arsenal, nothing remained of the "nodding plumes" or the decorations of the hearse, only the body of the vehicle remaining; but the funeral trappings have been carefully restored, and the hearse, fitted up with lavish munificence, was recently transported to France by H. B. M. steamer

Firefly, under the care of the veteran and distinguished soldier, General Sir John Burgoyne. This officer was entrusted with the duty of presenting the hearse to the Emperor, and, in fulfilment of his instructions, delivered the treasured relic, with the following address:

Her Majesty, the Queen of England, being desirous of offering to his Imperial Majesty a relic which she knows to be interesting to France, has charged me to bring to Paris, and to place at the disposal of the Emperor, the funeral car on which were conveyed to his first tomb the mortal remains of the illustrious founder of the Napoleonic dynasty. The admiration which I feel as a soldier, for the exalted genius and exploits of that great warrior, has caused me to feel the greater pleasure at the choice which my gracious Sovereign has made of me for the accomplishment of this honorable mission.

The hearse has been deposited in the Chapel St. Jerome in the Invalides.

In a Predicament.—On Monday evening last a young gentleman, residing in Williamsburg, was walking down Grand street, in that city, with his two sisters, when they observed a man of respectable appearance standing near the corner of Eleventh street with a respectfully dressed young woman. After they had passed, the stranger stepped up to the young gentleman, and beckoning him aside, stated that he and the young woman had come to the city to be married, and were to have met a friend of theirs who was to have "stood up" with them. Their friend not arriving, and they being anxious to have the ceremony performed as speedily as possible, he made bold to ask him if he would "stand up" with them. The gentleman, thinking it would be a good joke, proposed the affair to his sisters, and they agreeing, the whole party went before the Rev. A. Guion of the Episcopal Church, and the loving couple were by him duly married. The bride is a young woman at service with a family in New York, and the groom is a sailor just returned from sea. The married couple left the clergyman's residence well pleased, and thankful for the services of the groomsmen and the unexpected bridesmaids.

(From Advance Sheets furnished us by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanford & Delisser.)

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

THERE was, however, a secret sorrow which preyed upon the maiden's heart, blighted the rose upon her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her eye! In the long, dark hours of the night, her thoughts dwelt upon the idol enshrined in her bosom; bright visions of happiness would flit before her, which, in another moment, resolved themselves again into the darkness whence they came. Still his image remained ever present; waking she cherished it; sleeping she held communion with it; if she wept, it was not because she doubted him, but because her love overflowed, and could find no other issue.

She was not without entertaining fears for the safety of her lover, when she remembered the scene in the council chamber, and the tone of the Duke of Chartres, on learning that the ring had been St. Leu's gift to her, but looked forward to her liberation as the means of resolving the mystery that appeared to enshroud the whole transaction. She was at first sanguine as to the result of the duke's interference on behalf of her father, but as day after day wore away, and she received no intelligence either from him or from her sister, her spirits began to droop, notwithstanding sister Bridget's attempts to revive them.

Matters had reached this crisis, when, about noontide one morning, St. Marc and Corbè entered her apartment, the former of whom, after a few preliminary remarks, observed that he had been commissioned by Monseigneur D'Argenson to inform her that her father and sister were well, a mark of favor that it was unusual to show to a prisoner, and which she ought to regard as an especial distinction.

"I am much obliged to monseigneur," answered Julie, sobbing, "but has there been no letter for me?"

St. Marc shook his head.

"Is there anything you wish for, mademoiselle?" asked Corbè, with an attempt to smile good-naturedly; "if there is, you have only to speak."

"Save my liberty, and the society of those I love," replied Julie, "I have everything I desire."



CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE—THE MIDNIGHT MEETING IN THE CEMETERY OF THE ST. INNOCENTS.

"It is Monseigneur D'Argenson's wish," chimed in St. Marc, "that it should be so; he also desires that we should do all we can to amuse you; so we have come to show you over the fortress."

Julie received this announcement with a shudder, exclaiming, "Oh, no! I have seen quite enough of it; I would rather remain here with sister Bridget."

"But you can't remain here with sister Bridget," growled the governor, "when my orders are to show you the fortress."

"Orders!" ejaculated the trembling maiden. "Surely, if I decline accompanying you, you would not be rude enough to compel me?"

"It would be very disagreeable to do that, to be sure," observed Corbè, with a look that seemed to say he should find a pleasure in doing it notwithstanding, "very disagreeable; but monseigneur must be obeyed."

"And what, in Heaven's name, can be monseigneur's motives," asked Julie, haughtily, "for commanding me to be dragged over the horrible dens of this chateau?"

"We never inquire into motives," retorted the governor, surlily; "we only look to orders. If they are properly authorized, all we have to do is to obey them."

"I'll go with you, mademoiselle," said sister Bridget, wiping her eyes with a loose end of her tucker; "that is, if Monsieur le Gouverneur will allow me."

"Monsieur le Gouverneur won't allow you then," answered that individual, with a most ferocious grin; "keep thy tongue quiet, or I'll gag thee and put thee into the iron cage, beldame! Are you ready, mademoiselle?"

The last sentence was addressed to Julie, who, finding that remonstrances would prove unavailing with so hardened a monster, summoned all her resolution, and followed her jailors with trembling steps, until they reached the basement story, when Corbè exclaimed,

"We'll take her into the dungeon first. I'll fetch a torch."

Whilst he was absent Julie made another attempt to move the governor, but he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, not even deigning a reply.

"Now," observed Corbè, opening the heavy door, "I'll go down first. You follow me, mademoiselle."

In this order, St. Marc bringing up the rear, they descended into the living tomb beneath the foul structure whose walls enclosed them; the noisome exhalation, even now, struck like the dew of death upon the face of the maiden, who could scarcely maintain her firmness, and clung for support to the slimy walls on each side of her.

"You slept in the chamber above this dungeon," remarked Corbè to Julie, as he unlocked the door, "the first night you came. This is the dungeon of the ditch of the Bertaudière tower."

So saying, he pushed open a small square door, which opened inwards, and stepped down into the dungeon, beckoning Julie to follow.

It was an arched vault, about twelve feet square, reeking with mephitic vapors, with only the smallest possible aperture to admit air; the stones under foot were covered with a layer of slime, half an inch thick; the walls, too, dripped with moisture, and large unsightly masses of fungi grew from them, luxuriating in the unwholesome atmosphere, and mingling with it their own pestilential breath.

"He's only been here twenty-five years," observed Corbè, elevating his torch, and pointing with his finger to a certain part of the dungeon.

"Who?" ejaculated Julie, in a scarcely audible voice; "no one can live here."

"He does," again remarked Corbè; "look yonder!"

Impelled by a feeling she could not resist, the affrighted girl followed the direction of her guide's hand, but no sooner beheld the spectacle that presented itself than she uttered a suppressed scream of horror, and covering her face with her hands, attempted to reascend the stairs leading from the dungeon.

"Go on further!" exclaimed St. Marc, barring her egress; "he won't hurt thee!"

There was no alternative, for he advanced to the door of the den, and effectually closed the passage against her.

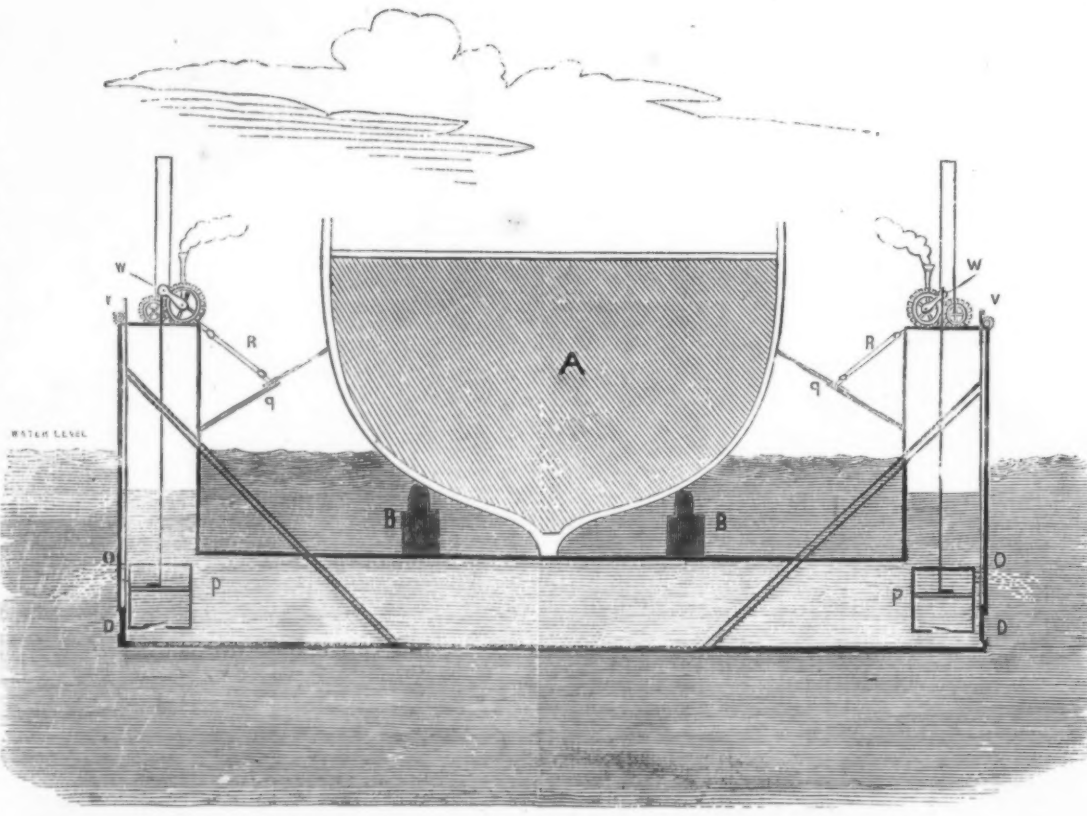
The light from Corbè's torch fell full upon an object—human in form—that sat huddled up, all of a heap, propping up his face with his hands, in a remote corner of the den; two planks placed transversely across a couple of iron bars cemented into the wall, served him for a bed; a litter of straw, wet and rotten, for a pillow; an old rug for covering.

His feet and legs were bare, as likewise his arms, whilst the remainder of his body was enveloped in a coarse blanket, that scarcely served the purpose for which it was intended.

He was an old man, with gray hair, which hung over his shoulders in long matted locks, and his beard had grown to such a prodigious length that as he sat it reached nearly to the ground. His eyes were hollow but bright, although nearly concealed by the shaggy eyebrows above them, and remained fixed in one direction, notwithstanding the attempt Corbè made to attract his notice by waving the torch so as to cast its light upon him.

By his side stood a pitcher and a crust of bread, on which a troop of rats had

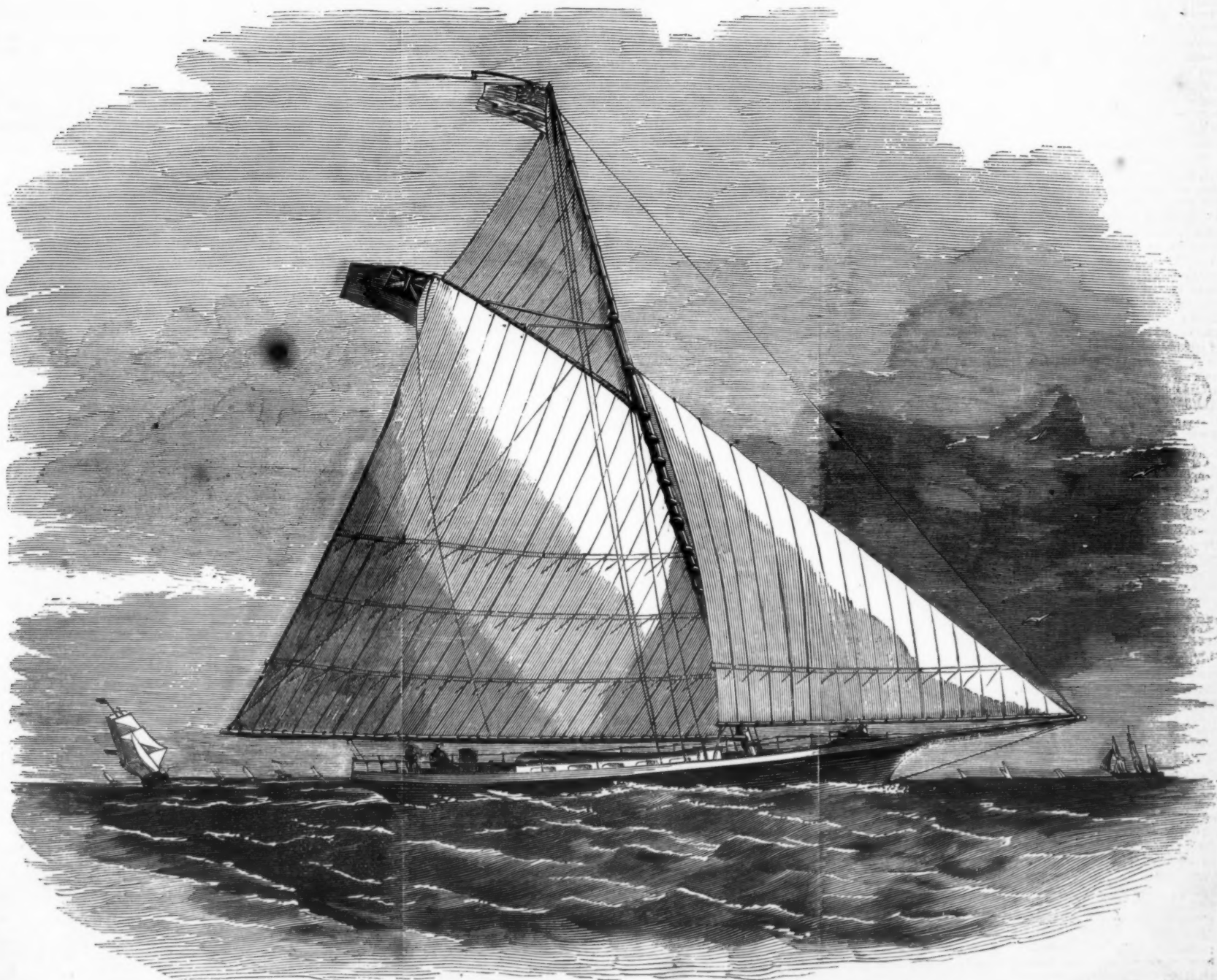
(Continued on page 5.)



SECTION OF BALANCE DOCK, OCCUPIED BY THE FRIGATE GENERAL ADMIRAL.—SEE FIRST PAGE.



FUNERAL CAR OF NAPOLEON I., PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE BY QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS CUTTER, FORTY-FIVE TONS, IN WHICH MR. WEBB RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

just been feasting, for two or three still remained, in spite of the governor, who in vain tried to scare them by waving his foot and striking his cane upon the ground. Had he known they were the prisoner's daily companions, that he had accused one to feed from his hand, he would have killed them outright; but he did not, and so they burrowed in the straw beneath their master.

The feeling now uppermost in Julie's breast was compassion, not horror; she could even bear to look at that unfortunate, and the large tears fell from her eyes as she gazed upon his emaciated form.

"You may speak to him," said St. Marc; "he won't understand you. He has not spoken to anybody for years, besides, he's mad."

The man looked round, his eyes flashed, but that was all the notice he took of the group, until Julie, stepping forward, addressed him.

"May God be in your mercy," said she, "forgive thy persecutors, and soon call thee to his bosom! This shall be my prayer for thee."

The man listened to the gentle tones that fell upon his ear, and two large tears rolled down his cheeks; he heaved a deep sigh, muttering in a voice that was hollow, but distinct, at the same time bending his gaze full upon Julie.

"Heaven, then, has come at last! Oh, I have prayed for it night and day!—no, all night—there's no day here! Sweet angel—God's messenger! Back, back! Don't come nearer! I am of earth—thou art of heaven—a spirit from paradise! Ah! ah! ah! they thought to keep me here for ever. But I prayed to die and Heaven has come at last! Twenty-five years! A tale of blood in my poor master! But I know where they buried him! Yes, old Jacques Morin knows! Ha! ha! ha! he!"

The state of surprise into which this unexpected speech threw both St. Marc and Corb  was probably the reason that neither attempted to stop him; and perceiving that he was likely to make some awkward disclosure, the governor took Julie by the arm and pushed her out of the dungeon, leaving Corb  to close the door upon the old man, who was still muttering when they quitted his presence.

They found sister Bridget at the outer door leading into the great inner court. As soon as Julie saw her, she fell upon her neck, and, overcome by the foulness of the atmosphere below, nearly fainted; a flood of tears came to her relief. To revive her, the matron led her into the court, the governor and his nephew remaining in the doorway, deep in mysterious conference.

At this moment an officer approached to inform St. Marc that the prisoner they expected had arrived, pointing to a file of soldiers that now made his appearance, guarding a young officer of musketeers. The party drew nearer, and there was a loud shriek—the young man suddenly bounded from the midst of the guard, and in another moment clasped Julie to his throbbing bosom. Scarcely, however, had St. Marc embraced his afflicted bride, who swooned in his arms, than, by the orders of the governor, he was torn from her, and in spite of his struggles, overpowered and cast into the chamber already known as No. 1 La Bertaudi re, being the same as that in which Julie passed the first night of her imprisonment. Sister Bridget followed them, assisted by Corb , bearing the senseless maiden into the apartment above.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE CEMETERY OF THE ST. INNOCENTS—THE MIDNIGHT RENCONCOUR.

The baron's astonishment may be conceived on opening the packet which Jacques forwarded through the medium of St. Marc, to find it contained the bones that he imagined Etienne Quinault still held as security for the sums advanced to him by that individual.

A brief letter—a few words, in fact, accompanied the packet. They were to this effect: the baron was not to venture to retain the bones, as D'Argenson's claim was liquidated—a fact for the truth of which he held vouchers—but immediately seek that individual, and demand the liberation of Julie; to be on his guard against the Duke of Chartres, who was the next in line; he was not to quit Paris under any circumstances, no delay making the protection of Louis Quatorze, not by memorial, as these were all interpreted by the lieutenant of police; in conclusion, secrecy was enjoined as to the mode whereby the bones came into his hands, and he was urged to continue his exertions for the discovery of the heir of the late Comte de St. Angin.

Notwithstanding the mysterious character of the epistle, the singular manner in which it had reached him, and his scruples as being made a party to such a transaction, the baron felt it incumbent upon him to follow the advice of his unknown friend. The possession of the bones secured him, at least for the present, against further persecution from his cunning adversary, and his joy was unbounded as he reflected that by abridging the term at first granted him for the payment of D'Argenson's claim, the Supreme Court had likewise shortened the period of his daughter's imprisonment, whose immediate release he should now be enabled to demand, without constituting himself a prisoner in her place.

Once more happiness reigned in his heart; it braced in his eyes, it played upon his lips, it betrayed itself in every action, extending its genial influence to all around.

The baron's endeavors to obtain an interview with D'Argenson, proved fruitless; he followed him, without success, from one quarter of Paris to the other, ever in his track but ever too late to meet him, though never discouraged.

On his return to the *c. bar.*, after one of his fruitless journeys in quest of the lieutenant of police, he found Jacques seated in a corner, opposite the one he had himself chosen, as offering the best look-out. He started on perceiving the spy, but this mysterious individual did not appear in the smallest degree surprised to see him; on the contrary, he seemed to expect him.

"Do not be astonished, baron," said he, "to find me here. I know your errand, and can assist your search. You know me! My name is Jacques."

"And who art thou, mysterious man?" asked the baron. "Thou didst once render me a service, but thou didst also steal away my daughter."

"It was better thus," resumed Jacques, in interrupting the speaker; "had I refused to obey my employers, your daughter might now have been the mistress of a royal duke. You seek D'Argenson?"

The baron bowed.

"You will not see him until night; he is gone to Versailles. Perhaps you may not see him at all; but if he comes, I will pass through the cemetery of the St. Innocents; 'tis his usual route either to his bureau, or to his hotel; you must await him there."

"Why can I not watch for him from this place?" asked the baron, somewhat surprised; "dost thou not perceive that he cannot pass into his bureau without my seeing him?"

"He might cross the cemetery on the opposite side," observed Jacques, "and gain the secret entrance without your knowledge, baron; but if you take up your position in the western arches, he cannot pass you unnoticed."

"I perceive thou art well acquainted with thy employer's habits," resumed the baron; "I will take thy advice, friend Jacques, and here is a trifle of money for thy information."

The spy declined the proffered gift, with some show of being offended, saying:—

"No, monsieur le baron! no gold from you! to serve you is a sufficient recompense."

"But what reason hast thou to serve me, friend?"

"A love of justice, baron; a desire to protect the innocent and the weak against the oppression of the strong."

"Thy calling is unworthy of thee, Jacques!"

"I am not linked to infamy because my calling is infamous," retorted the spy; "did it not exist, you would perhaps be in the Bastille, and your daughters in the power of your enemy! Good day, monsieur le baron. Ten o'clock is D'Argenson's usual hour. Be punctual."

The baron watched Jacques depart with regret; he ought to have questioned him; he felt that he should like to know more of him; who he was, whence he came, why he followed an avocation so generally decried—*he* possessed of such sentiments, and who was evidently fitted to better things. He reproached himself for not defining him; he was the very man, who, by his position, was most likely to assist his efforts to discover the heir of his late friend.

At length the baron, having waited the time designated, departed, and slowly bent his steps in the direction of the cemetery.

He reached it some time before the appointed hour, but hurried backward and forward through the galleries notwithstanding, as though fearful that the object of his search had got there before him, and he was desirous of overtaking him. At last, eleven o'clock struck, bringing the patrol, who, when him good night, and continued his rounds. Where could D'Argenson be? A quarter past eleven; half past; yet a soul—all silent.

A few minutes more and there is a footstep! It comes towards him! 'Tis a heavy but firm tread. How it echoes through the vaulted gallery, and among the tombstones! Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! nearer and nearer!

As the baron withdrew behind a pillar, the better to await, unobserved, the arrival of his enemy, he fancied that the tombstones played a moment upon a second figure, now concealed in the dark side of one of the arches. It might be fancy, for a glimpse was all he obtained of the man—if man it was. He looked again, but all was dark and deathlike; pillars and monuments, graves and tombstones, and, in the middle of the grave-yard, the solitary lamp, raised upon its obelisk-shaped column, glimmering red and fitfully, like an evil meteor in the midst of the thick atmosphere; nothing else.

Had D'Argenson also beheld that same shadow? His footsteps no longer resounded beneath the vaults! But *wait!* they come, stealthily and slowly. He must have seen something; for he turns his head quickly from left to right, from right to left; now stops, now again resumes his hurried pace, occasionally darting through one of the arches into the cemetery, as if in pursuit or in search of some object; then regains the sombre gallery. He has passed the pillar behind which the baron stands concealed; the latter steps cautiously out from his hiding place, in an instant he is at the side of the lieutenant of police, and stops him by laying a hand upon his arm.

"I say, Monsieur D'Argenson; I have a word to say! 'Tis I, the Baron de St. Anny."

"Thou, 'sieur baron! centre *M. de St. Anny*! and at this hour?"

"I sought thee yesterday," resumed the former speaker, "but unavailingly; to-day, also, I have waited for thee, and up to this moment with little better success. The object I seek, thou canst doubtless conjecture! Where is my daughter?"

"Where thou didst leave her, 'sieur baron," retorted D'Argenson; continuing in an under-tone, "and where thou shouldst be if I could now have my will."

"I have sought thee to demand her liberation, 'sieur lieutenant. I have obeyed the mandate of the supreme court!"

"Yes, I know it! *tonnerre de Dieu!* Meet me to-morrow, at noon, at the Bastille; I will—"

"To-morrow will not do!" exclaimed the baron; "my child must be restored to me this night! this very hour! She has already inhabited that infamous retreat too long!"

They had halted in the broad shadow of one of the pillars; the moon cast its

pale light through the arches before and behind them, upon the white tomb to their right, and upon the urns and graven tablets that stood fixed in the walls to their left; it shone, too, upon the marble slabs beneath their feet, showing the names of the occupants of the vaults under them, and resting upon the inscriptions that the hand of affection had traced, and the hand of time repeated. One stone in particular appeared more conspicuous than the rest; it lay immediately before them, right in their path; they must pass over it. Upon it were traced these words, in French:—

"Here lie the bones of 'sieur Ignatius Noel, priest of the church of the Holy Innocents, who was here assassinated, in this sacred spot, on the thirteenth of February, in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and seventy-five, by a sacrilegious monster, whose name shall be for ever execrated, namely, Peter Thomas Jadinie, who was hanged at the Gr ve on the twelfth of the month of May following, and whose carcass thrown amongst the ordure at Mont-faucon. Passer-by! Pray to God for the repose of their souls!"

D'Argenson returned no answer to the baron's demand; for his eyes had become suddenly riveted upon that tablet, his whole frame shaking violently as they wandered restlessly over. He knew the spot well; often, by day and by night, early and late, at all hours, had he passed it; yet it seemed as though that tomb had all at once started up in his path. Why should it now, for the first time, so forcibly arrest his attention? Why did he tremble so, as he read that word, "assassinated?" D'Argenson nervously clutched his sword; he half drew it from its sheath, looking at the baron with hollow eyes and blanched cheek, and quivering lips; whilst a deadly, clammy moisture, stood out in large drops from every pore upon his agitated frame.

At length, however, he recovered himself, and for the purpose of again addressing him, the last sentence inscribed on the tablet caught his eye; he stepped round, to avoid tripping over the remains of the murdered priest, and raising his hat, as a tribute of respect to the dead, exclaimed:—

"Sleep in peace! and may thy murderer die in the sight of heaven!" the sign of the cross accompanying the latter words.

D'Argenson heard the prayer, and saw the sign; he shuddered; his sword glided to slowly back into its scabbard; he made up to the baron, and said to him in a husky, half-choked, guttural voice that the prevailing silence rendered awfully distinct: "Follow me!"

And now again those heavy footsteps reverberated through the charnel gallery! tramp! tramp! tramp! more distant each time! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! from pillar to pillar! from tomb to tomb! further and further still! hush! they are gone! the regions of the dead are again silent! the evil spirit of Paris has passed away from amidst their murky solitudes.

CHAPTER XXIV.—D'ARGENSON AND HIS VICTIMS—THE LISTENER.

As the figure of the baron and the lieutenant of police retreated, a third figure stole from behind a pillar, near the monument erected to the memory of Ignatius Noel; it was that of a man, closely enveloped in a cloak, who had been an attentive, though unseen, witness of the late scene.

That man was Jacques. He followed the baron and his guide from the cemetery into the Rue St. Denis, from the Rue St. Denis to the Rue de la Verrerie, and thence through the Place St. Jean into the Rue St. Antoine to the great gate of the Bastille, keeping always at such a distance in their rear as to prevent either from observing him.

Midnight struck some time before they reached their sombre dwelling, which could be seen from afar, casting its broad shadow and dismal gloom over every object, darkening the house, and throwing upon the two or three dilapidated stone wayside houses within its circle. The sentry on duty outside lowered his musket as soon as he saw strangers approaching and challenged them. Jacques, however, upon recognizing D'Argenson as presented arms, immediately motioned him to enter the gate, which he did forthwith, the lieutenant of police passing in first, closely followed by the baron. As they disappeared the gate closed upon them, leaving the spy crouched in the angle of a doorway near by.

A few minutes elapsed, when the dull, heavy sound of the first drawbridge being lowered broke the dead silence of the night. Another pause, the great drawbridge was let down, and all again became quiet save the dull creak of the wheel on the roundabout ringing the half hour, immediately followed by the clink of the sentry's metal checks as they dropped in the box appointed to receive them.

Jacques remained in his hiding place until a suitable time had passed, when he emerged therefrom and boldly advanced towards the sentry at the outer gate, facing him as he turned round to resume his walk.

"Thou knowest me," he said, disclosing his features; "Jacques."

The man inclined his head, and, as before, summoned his comrade within the gate.

"Who goes there?" cried the latter.

"A friend," responded Jacques.

"Thy name?"

"Jacques! In the name of the King and Monseigneur D'Argenson, open!"

Once more the door revolved upon its heavy hinges to admit the new comer, who being recognized by the second sentry, was allowed to pass into the first outer court.

Crossing the drawbridge, which, as he expected, had not been raised after the passage of the lieutenant of police, he experienced no difficulty in cheating the vigilance of the sub-officer on duty at the corps-de-garde, to whom he was personally known as D'Argenson's agent.

The spy boldly continued his march through the second inner court and thence over the standing bridge built across the great ditch, and over the principal drawbridge that led upon it, and which, like the first thrown across the smaller ditch, remained lowered, in readiness for the departure of the lieutenant of police. As before, the sentinel on duty challenged him, but on his making himself known permitted him to pass through the first corps-de-garde, where at the second entrance he met Monsieur de Joncas, who was going his rounds with a picket of soldiers.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the latter to him, in a half-whisper, at the same time motioning to the guard to advance, in order to place it out of ear-shot.

Jacques assumed a look of unmistakable profundity, which was intended to intimate his being laden with a valuable cargo of information bearing immediately upon the object of the visit alluded to, but which he could not conveniently discharge at that precise moment. De Joncas appeared to understand that the knowledge in question would be reserved for his future enlightenment, and nodding, as much as to say "Oh, very well!" was about to follow the packet, now waiting for him within the doorway of the corps-de-garde, when the spy, beckoning him closer, put the following questions to him, in a whisper:—

"Where's St. Marc?"

De Joncas pointed in the direction of the council chamber.

The spy seemed pleased, and continued:—

"And Corb ?"

He received the same silent, expressive intimation as before, and appeared still better pleased.

"Is the baron with them?" he continued.

De Joncas nodded.

"How long have they been there?" asked Jacques.

"St. Marc and Corb  have but now passed through," answered De Joncas.

"I am in time," observed the spy, with still greater satisfaction, and without further remark, abruptly quitted the side of the king's lieutenant, and made direct for the council chamber, leaving the latter personage somewhat mystified by his abrupt departure, although far from suspecting the motives which had urged his interrogator to question him so closely respecting the whereabouts of the individuals mentioned.

And here it will be necessary to retrograde a little, in order to obtain a clue to the movements of the spy.

When Jacques left the side of Maitre Etienne Quinault, on the morning that he obtained from him the thirty-five thousand crowns, together with the baron's bones and the forged document, he entertained a suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, that the notary would not fail to communicate the transaction to the lieutenant of police, notwithstanding the threat impending over him; he therefore remained in the neighborhood to note his movements, following him to D'Argenson's bureau, in the evening, unobserved, and watching him out again, when, as will be remembered, he waited upon the latter for a conference, according to appointment.

Now, although the lieutenant of police did not even hint at Maitre Etienne Quinault's visit, nor at the possibility of Jacques having stumbled, as he entered, against that individual, nor at his knowledge of the circumstances under which they had met and separated that morning, the spy was too well acquainted with his employer not to be perfectly aware of the nature of his recent conference with his friend of the Marais, and was therefore neither astonished at his silence nor deceived by it, although he perceived that D'Argenson imagined him to be ignorant of Quinault's visit, and likewise of his object.

This very unwillingness on the part of the lieutenant of police to betray his acquaintance with the transaction, satisfied Jacques that he contemplated some plan of mischief, whose accomplishment he intended to carry out without assistance, and to which the Baron de St. Anny and his daughters would probably fall the first victims, Etienne Quinault the second, and perhaps himself (Jacques) the last, as soon as D'Argenson could dispense with his services.

However, for his superior's family, Jacques cared little, as far as he himself was concerned, relying upon his many secret resources to enable him to counteract his machinations; but he cared little for himself, he cared all the less for Etienne Quinault, and absolutely nothing at all for any consequences that D'Argenson's malice might entail upon that worthy baron and his daughters.

To warn the baron of an impending evil, then, was his next thought; but how to set him on his guard against an evil that he himself could not define, of which, in fact, he knew nothing, and which might, after all be imaginary, although of its positive character he entertained no doubt. The idea was in turn rejected another, upon which he for a while commenced acting; it was to subject the lieutenant of police to several scenes as likewise the baron, and, if possible, bring them together in some locality where he might become unobserved witness of their interview. In this plan, chance wonderfully assisted him; for D'Argenson receiving an unexpected command to wait upon the Duke of Chartres, at Versailles, whilst the latter was gone for a few days, left him more at liberty to watch the baron, whom he knew to be on the look-out for the lieutenant of police. How and where he met with the former, and the result of their colloquy, has been shown.

His next step was to choose a place where the baron could meet D'Argenson, and he, Jacques, conveniently overheard their conversation unobserved. For this double purpose, the Cabinet Noir was ineligible, inasmuch as a thick door would divide him from the parties, obstructing not only his vision but his hearing also. In this dilemma, he fixed upon the western gallery, or charniers

of the Cemetery of the St. Innocents, through which he knew D'Argenson must pass, either on his way home, or to his bureau, in the event of his returning from Versailles that night—an event in no way unlikely—his important duties rendering his daily presence in Paris indispensable.

Before the appointed hour, Jacques arrived at his post; he saw the baron approach, and watched him pace the gallery, every moment shifting his position for fear of being observed. As the hours advanced without bringing D'Argenson, he almost suspected that he would not return to Paris that night, and twice or thrice was on the point of disclosing himself to the baron, for the purpose of appointing another rendezvous for the morrow.

At length Jacques heard his well-known footstep echo through the hollow gallery of the cemetery; he witnessed the trepidation of the baron as he met his enemy, and heard the short colloquy that ensued between them. The issue is known.

Having then watched them to the Bastille, and heard the falling of the drawbridge, he knew he could venture in after them, without risk of being seen by D'Argenson, whom he desired to avoid. The boldness of his plan, not less than that of its execution, insured him the success he anticipated.

Upon reaching the door of the council chamber, he listened at it very attentively, but heard nothing save a great shuffling of feet; forthwith he encased himself within the secret closet in the wall which has already been mentioned, and there impatiently awaited the result of his undertaking.

"So! 'sieur baron," said a harsh voice that Jacques instantly recognized; "thou hast found means to pay my claim?"

"I have already told thee so," was the answer.

"Hast thou the papers about thee, to prove all is correct, 'sieur baron?"

"I have, monseigneur."

"Good! good!"

There followed a long, low chuckle, and a short pause, after which the door was opened, and the footsteps of Corb  resounded along the passage in the direction of the corps-de-garde.

During his absence, the silence was broken only by a crackling noise, as though the leaves of the large folio were being rapidly turned over; the pause was brief, for Corb  very shortly returned.

He was evidently not alone, as other footsteps then became audible, although the strangers stopped short outside the door, the lieutenant-governor observing in a whisper, ere he again entered the apartment,

"You will know when."

"Well, nephew," growled St. Marc, as the latter made his appearance.

"Thy orders, uncle, are obeyed. We are ready!"

Here D'Argenson burst into a vociferous laugh, and addressing the baron, said, in a tone in which malice and exultation appeared struggling for the mastery:—

"Now, 'sieur baron, we are again equal! Ah! ah! ah! Thou wouldst have overreached me; but—hush! thou shalt find that I am not so easily deceived."

Here the laugh was renewed more vociferously than before.

"What is the meaning of this, monseigneur?" asked the baron, as soon as he could make his voice heard; "I have not attempted to deceive thee! I hold my bonds and Maitre Etienne Quinault's receipt! What more dost thou require?"

"How didst thou obtain them? *tonnerre de Dieu!*" shouted D'Argenson; "tell me that! Was it through thy friend Jacques?"

The baron was evidently taken by surprise, for his voice appeared to falter as he answered:—

"Thou knowest well the money has been paid, for Quinault would never have delivered up these bonds without it! As far as I know, 'sieur D'Argenson, Jacques was only an agent for some other friend who is as yet a stranger to me!"

"Thou liest, baron," retorted the lieutenant of police; "here I can tell thee so to thy face; thou liest, I say!"

"Villain!" replied the baron; "villain! to insult me when I am in thy power! But what could I expect from thee! I surely may tongue in answering thee! Restore my daughter, and let me go!"

"Go!" exclaimed D'Argenson; "go! ah! ah! ah! trapped, baron! trapped! I say! trapped! ah! ah! ah! Without thee!"

The door flew open, the heavy tread of soldiers resounded through the apartment, together with the clank of muskets being grounded.

"Secure your prisoner," again shouted D'Argenson; "secure him; hold him fast! ah! ah! ah! trapped like a rat! ah! ah! ah!"

The groans of the baron cut Jacques to the heart, who had not dreamt of such a result. To attempt a rescue would be madness; he could only devour his remorse, and swear vengeance against D'Argenson.

"Secure him, Corb ," exclaimed St. Marc.

"Oh! monsters!" ejaculated the unhappy baron, struggling in vain to liberate himself from the firm grasp of the soldiers; "will the day never come when wickedness such as this shall meet its punishment?"

"It will! it shall!" said Jacques mentally, clenching his hand in an agony of excitement.

"Shall I gag him, uncle?"

There was no answer returned, but the baron's voice was not again heard, whilst D'Argenson's hideous chuckle rose high and loud above the struggles of his victim.

The spy's anguish at this crisis became intense, and would have appalled a Stoic, could he have seen him crouched in the furthestmost angle of that dark cell, resting his head against its cold walls, down which, as it oozed from his throbbing temples, the cold sweat ran in streams.

"What evils are empty, 'sieur St. Marc?" asked the lieutenant of police, as soon as his diabolical mirth had subsided.

"Number one, in the Bertaudi re is unoccupied now, monseigneur; the new prisoner was this evening removed into the *cald e*!"

"Away with him," shouted the former speaker; "we are quits, 'sieur baron! ah! ah! ah! trapped! trapped!"

As the soldiers were about to remove the prisoner, St. Marc once more addressed his nephew:—

"Go, Corb ! go with them; see him safe, and look in upon the others on thy way back."

Another minute and they were gone.

"'Tis a good night's work, 'sieur St. Marc," observed D'Argenson; "a good night's work, and I have not killed him! no! I have not killed him! ah! ah! ah!"

"I have news for monseigneur," said St. Marc:

"Out with it, then! I am in haste!"

"The Iron-Mask—"

"Ah! what?"

"Struck me to day."

"Thee! 'sieur St. Marc?"

"Yes! he attempted to establish a communication with the exterior."

"*tonnerre de Dieu!* How, 'sieur governor?" hurriedly demanded the lieutenant of police.

"By means of notes fastened to arrows, which he discharged from a bow manufactured from one of the strings of his guitar, and a piece of yew that was sent up amongst his newwood."

"Well?"

"I remonstrated with him, monseigneur, when he struck my hat from off my head."

"Served thee right, insolent! *sang dieu!* dost thou not, by this time, know the respect due to that man?"

"Pardon me, monseigneur; the omission was involuntary."

"Look to him, St. Marc, or thy life shall answer for his indiscretion! But of the notes, have any been found?"

"Here are two which were picked up within the walls, and brought to me by the sentinel on duty."

"Good! keep the circumstance secret, and to-morrow nail planks against his window! Anything else, 'sieur St. Marc?"

"Yes, monseigneur, the prisoner of the ditch of the Bertaudi re has found his tongue again!"

"Ah, after so long?"

"And he is not mad, monseigneur!"

"Indeed! I wonder at that; *entre bleu!* I'll hear thy tale about him another time. Where hast thou put Jean Baptiste Poisson?"

"In the cage, monseigneur!" responded the latter, with a shout of savage joy.

"Good! do what thou wilt with him! Everything, anything but kill

THE FIRES OF HOLYHEAD; Or, a Lover's Stratagem.

"THE fires of Holyhead! What a strange title for a story!" may, perchance, be the comment of some reader as he idly turns over these pages. For the satisfaction of such let me briefly explain.

The shores of England are, as every one knows, very dangerous along the Irish Sea, and the lighthouses here and there upon the coast insufficient to insure the safety of vessels; therefore, the English Admiralty, who neglect nothing of such importance as this, have placed upon certain conspicuous points fixed fires, or colored lanterns like those at Holyhead.

This last-named spot being the scene of our story, we will leave to others the task of giving a more complete description of either lighthouses established in England.

The vessels which pass between Liverpool and Kingston, after coasting along the Isle of Anglesea, pass near Holyhead. When the passage is made by day, and in good weather, it is a mere pleasure trip to the passengers; but when the trip is taken by night, the wind in the direction of north-north-west, and the waves dashing furiously against the vessel, it is a different matter.

Like *Mercutio*, the captain becomes extremely serious. One of two things must be done; either he continues the journey, and then passengers and freight run the risk of being dashed in pieces upon the rocks of Holyhead, or he utters sundry concise directions to the pilot, the result of which is that the whole party make an involuntary sojourn on the Isle of Man.

Either of these alternatives is attended with serious inconveniences, therefore the Admiralty have erected lighthouses upon the coast between Anglesea and Holyhead. The plan of these lighthouses is this; a dismantled vessel is moored within cannon shot from the shore; two colored lanterns are hung at the end of broken masts out in the sea. A watchman is charged with the duty of lighting these at night and during storms. Every week a boat is sent with food and fuel to this man, and with only this link to the rest of his kind and the world, he lives to protect others from danger.

On the 15th of June, in the year 1861, at a quarter past one, P. M., facing a strong south-easterly breeze, a personage enveloped in a rubber overcoat, his head protected by an oil skin cap, paced with long strides to and fro before the lighthouse of Holyhead.

Three Scotch terriers followed the man, their heads hung low and their whole mien expressive of fear.

The man was no other than James Turner, baronet. The dogs were named Yeoman, Snowball and Selkirk. The baronet had for a month past sustained the office of keeper of the lighthouse with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

Furthermore, James Turner was twenty-five years of age, with eyes of ultramarine blue, fair, or, as we might more properly describe it, ash-colored hair, and cheeks round and velvety as the peach of Orleans. No shadow of insanity, or even an impractical flight of imagination had ever disturbed the machinery of his brain, and had the idea occurred to him of making out his will his conscience would fully have upheld him in using the accustomed formula, "same in body and mind."

James was one of those unfortunate people who always reach the wharf just in time to see the boat pass at full speed from the shore. Was he invited to dinner—he entered the moment the company were rising from the table. Did he go to a ball—it was always in time to see the servants in the act of putting out the candles.

The baronet had formerly as his nearest neighbor, Sir George Peebles, an accomplished gentleman, who had recently taken up his residence in Anglesea with his young sister, Miss Mary Peebles, a pretty, blooming English girl.

Sir George was a great hunter, an indefatigable angler. The baronet was passionately fond of both pursuits; nothing more was needed to form the basis of a firm friendship.

One evening when the baronet had quitted his excellent friends and retired to his home, he indulged in an unusually long and deep meditation, the chief heads of which might be arranged in this wise; that he was very wealthy, that his health was remarkably good, and that he was still quite good-looking.

This train of thought, having naturally led to the consideration that Miss Mary was not one whit behind him in these three particulars, he questioned with himself if the union of all these qualities would not prove an advantageous arrangement.

James Turner drew out his watch, and by the faint light of the moon discovered that it was one o'clock, A. M., and decided that at this hour his friend George might not be well disposed to receive proposals for the hand of his sister Mary in marriage. We ought to declare at the outset that this was no sudden impulse on the part of the amiable baronet; he had for two years been engaged in the consideration of this important question, and having finally made his decision, was unwilling to lose more time.

Next morning as he was in the act of dressing with unusual care for the important occasion, the pilot of his yacht entered his chamber with the announcement that a shoal of sardines had been seen.

"Does Sir George know it?"

"Yes, your honor."

"He will join us then on the water. That is well!" said James to himself, "for I can speak to him of the matter with less embarrassment."

During the day so great was his interest in the sardines that he quite forgot his intent on, and nothing was said about Miss Mary. Towards evening the fish took a direct line towards the Gulf of Solway, and James imprudently followed them. Three whole days before the baronet reached home again. The first person he met on his return was Sir George Peebles' waiting man, who informed him that his master had just left the island and had gone to Cumberland, for the purpose of being present at the wedding of his sister and Sir Edward, son of the celebrated Major Hogson.

The first impulse of the unfortunate James Turner was to season his grog with a strong dose of chlorhydrate of morphia, that he might bury his love and his grief in the tomb of his ancestors; but as the execution of this project was likely to be attended with some inconvenience, and being moreover the first suggestion of despair, James questioned with himself if a little delay in the decision of a matter of such moment would not be advisable, and if, after all, he might not find in misanthropy a more dignified and enduring consolation.

Satisfied with this last view of the case, James made for himself a sort of diving bell, by the aid of which he descended to surprising depths in the empire of cause and effect, and succeeded in bringing thereto, as fruits of his research, these arguments:

"If Major Hogson, the father of my rival, had been killed in India, he never would have returned to Cumberland to marry, consequently this son would not have been in my way."

"Why did not the natives kill Major Hogson? Why has not Sir Edward had his head broken in a railway accident? Why did he never fight a duel and be killed?"

Once launched upon this new tide of thought, the baronet paused not. Circumstances were alone responsible for his misery; he resolved to live beyond the reach of circumstances, and to attain this end, he solicited from the Admiralty the post of lighthouse-keeper at Holyhead.

James had been particularly fortunate in the choice of his retreat. Crusoe himself was not more isolated on this island than was the baronet in his lighthouse. The days he passed in angling for sea-gulls; when night came he lighted the lanterns confided to his care, smoked and slept.

Such were his daily occupations, unvaried, save when a violent storm broke upon the accustomed routine. At such times he would throw aside his book, and taking for a companion an immense bowl of punch, seat himself in his cabin and listen with pleasure to the moaning of the wind, the creaking of the timbers, the clanking of chains in the hold. His imagination, which had acquired new vigor since his misfortunes, at such times, excited by solitude, concentration of mind, and large draughts of the fiery beverage, would play sad pranks with the sensible baronet.

His name was no longer James Turner; he became the fearful demon of the phantom ship, and at his voice the invisible and mysterious inhabitants of the solitude commenced their infernal work. The rocks assumed the forms of monsters, plaintive voices called to him through the hatchways, bullets escaped from their cases and rolled like thunder over the bridge, and unearthly figures floated before his eyes.

It was the morning of the 15th of June, that the baronet, tipsy as old Falstaff, was trying to dissipate the clouds which enveloped his intellect by reading a scene in "Mephistopheles."

This employment was suddenly interrupted by two incidents. A small boat came in sight, and a rat appeared at the opening of the scuttle.

Snowball, Yeoman and Selkirk darted like lightning over the ladder, giving mad chase to the unfortunate rat.

James followed his dogs to the bottom of the hold with a lantern, intent on watching the murderous scene.

Finding the rat strangled, James took it tenderly with the tongs and stationed himself on the bridge, and paused for a moment in meditation of the deed he was about to commit, namely, to consign the body to the waves.

He chanced to look up. What caused the poor baronet to start and color?

Sir George, Miss Mary Peebles, and an unknown gentleman were approaching him.

James stood motionless, opening his round eyes to their utmost capacity.

"Well, my friend," shouted Sir George, "will you come and help us hoist our provision on shore? Our boat is moored behind you."

Not a word did Sir James reply.

"Why do you not speak to my brother?" asked the pretty young lady, tripping up to the baronet, but retreating in haste at sight of the rat at the end of the tongs, which Sir James still held outstretched.

The young baronet blushed till his face assumed the hue of a poppy in full bloom, and with a violent jerk, threw the rat and tongs overboard. It was impossible to imagine a more ridiculous situation for a lover.

One hope, faint though it was, sustained him. His friends may not have recognized him.

Drawing his oilskin cap completely over his eyes, and changing his voice,

"You cannot go ashore," said he; "the laws forbid it. Get into your boat and be off!"

"That order is perfectly just, but completely impossible," said Sir George, advancing in his turn.

"Why so?" asked James, still disguising his voice.

"Because the sea is rough, the wind against us, and worse than all, we have broken our rudder."

James, forgetting his part at the moment, raised his head, and spoke in a louder tone of voice, to give force to his words.

"Sir James Turner!" exclaimed the three visitors in a breath; and Sir George grasped his old friend's hand cordially.

"But what in the world are you doing here, neighbor?" said he, taking a full survey of the baronet; "and where did you find this Greenlandish costume?"

"Oh!" stammered James, "I went—that is to say I came—I am here for—I came to fish. You know I love angling. There are plenty of fish about here."

"Ah, indeed!" said Miss Mary, smiling.

"Did you not speak of baggage to be put ashore?" said the baronet, striving to regain his composure.

"Yes, certainly, for we have not yet breakfasted. Ah, how thoughtless I am. I forgot to introduce to you our friend Edward Hogson, our companion on this excursion."

James grew pale, and exchanged a very formal salutation with the gentleman.

"Come, George," said he, leading the way to the ladder attached to the end of the bridge; "I will help you to repair your boat."

"We will be greatly obliged to you," said Sir George, as he turned to look at his boat. "Great Heavens!" he gasped, raising his hands and turning very white.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed his companions, in alarm.

"Our boat is nowhere to be seen!"

"Nowhere to be seen!" repeated the baronet, following his friend, and taking a long look at the place it was seen in but half an hour before.

"Nowhere to be seen!" echoed Miss Mary, falling half unconscious, through fear, into her brother's arms.

"The rope must have been broken, and the tide has carried it away!" was Sir George's discouraging suggestion.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of us? What shall we do?" Miss Mary cried, in accents of despair, the while wringing her pretty white hands.

"You must ask that question of our friend Turner, my poor Mary; he alone is master of our destinies now. Speak, James, speak!"

The baronet remained in thoughtful silence a moment.

"Answer me first one question, George."

"Speak!"

"Have you always a good appetite?"

"Yes, certainly!"

"And Mr. Hogson, is he as great an eater as you?"

"Better, much better," mildly suggested that gentleman.

"Then," continued James, gravely, counting upon his fingers, "in three days we must bid farewell to this world."

"James, I command you to explain yourself," was Sir George's imperious reply.

"Willingly. I live alone at this lighthouse, and I eat very little, as you know."

"Well, well!"

"A boat brings me my little provision once a week. Often I take but half, to prove to the Admiralty that I am a man of economy. It is now the 15th of the month; yesterday I received my supplies, which I offer to you joyfully, but I must forewarn you that until the 21st I do not expect more. It may be that, by extreme frugality and care, we can sustain life until the arrival of more provisions; even that is doubtful. I beg you to believe, mine, that you are not included in this arrangement for fasting, for, I assure you, I will not suffer you to be in need of anything I can provide for your comfort. If, therefore, we die before the expiration or the fatal term, you will survive to relate to the terrified population the story of three brave gentlemen who perished from hunger at the lighthouse of Holyhead."

"What a horrible fate!" exclaimed Sir George, stamping his foot with rage.

"Did you not tell me you had not breakfasted?" and the baronet offered his arm to Miss Mary. "Permit me to conduct you to the dining-room."

Sir George and Edward counted their mouthfuls and their sips of port; the baronet devoured half a chicken-pie and three bottles of Bordeaux Lafitte, complaining meanwhile of want of appetite.

After breakfast the party ascended to the deck, to promenade and take the air. At the third turn, Mr. Hogson began to totter like a drunken man, and his poor heart beat to and fro in his breast like a hammer. Evident symptoms of sea-sickness overpowered the poor man.

A smile of triumph played on the baronet's lips while he assisted Sir George in carrying his future brother-in-law to the hammock.

James and Mary remained alone on the deck.

"Miss," began the baronet, casting a very loving look on the young girl, "I did not tell your brother the truth."

"How is that, Sir James?"

"I have only at this moment to give a signal which will be understood on shore, and a boat will come at once to receive my orders."

"What motive could you have in thus deceiving him?"

"I will tell you, Miss Mary; but I entreat you, in return for the confidence I repose in you, that you will be equally frank with me."

"I promise that, Sir James."

"Then, Miss Mary—I love you, and my only reason for burying myself alive in this place is, that the thought of seeing you married to another drove me to madness."

"You love me, Sir James!" and Miss Mary blushed very prettily—how long since, pray?"

"Two whole years."

"Why did you not ask my brother's consent then?"

"Alas! it was even then, I feared, too late!"

"A faint sigh escaped the lady's lips."

"You have promised to answer me frankly," Sir James continued, with embarrassment, "do you love Mr. Hogson?"

Mary cast down her eyes, and faintly murmured the reply "not much."

"Who compels you to marry him then?"

"No one, Sir James—my brother desires this union, and I obey him—that is all."

"And if I influence him to break this engagement, if I make a formal demand for your hand—what then?"

"I shall obey him, and more cheerfully."

"Ah, miss, you shall be my wife!" exclaimed the happy suitor, as he pressed the young lady's hand to his lips. "You shall be my wife—I am sure of it."

That same evening the baronet asked his friend's consent to his suit.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, my dear sir," was the brother's reply, "but Sir Edward has splendid hunting-grounds in Cumberland, and the affair was settled long ago."

"I understand!" was the brief reply of the unhappy lover.

During the two days succeeding no remarkable incident took place on board. Sir Edward had not set foot outside his cabin, and maintained the strictest diet.

But the store rapidly decreased, for the baronet no longer eat, he devoured.

On the fifth day, the clock struck the hour of noon, and the baronet had not yet appeared.

"Sir James! Sir James! wake! rise! It is past the breakfast hour," shouted Sir George through the hatchway. "My sister and I are dying of hunger! Come, give us some breakfast!"

"Who speaks of breakfast?" was Sir James's cool answer.

"Why, my good friend, I tell you we are actually perishing for want of something to eat."

"I am sorry, my poor George, but you must renounce your hope of breakfast. There was still food for another day, but my dogs found their way to the closet, and there is not a morsel left."

"Miserable! then we are doomed to die of famine, horrible famine!"

"Be calm, my friend; bear your lot like a hero!"

"No, no—it is too terrible! surely you must have some means of averting this terrible event."

"Do you imagine it?"

"James, have you no means of saving us and yourself?"

"Perhaps so, but I do not intend to seek it."

"Why, villain!"

"Because I had rather die of hunger than see Miss Mary sacrificed. Retract your promise to Sir Edward; I will give the signal and we shall have abundance."

"As you please."

"I will die if that is the alternative."

"That is the alternative," repeated James, with solemnity.

"My brother, my dear brother, I am suffering from hunger. Take pity on your poor sister!"

"And do you consent to marry this merciless tiger?"

"Yes, for I love him," was Mary's timid reply.

"That alters the case. Your hand, James, you are my brother."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I give my word as a gentleman—on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you give us some breakfast at once."

James darted nimbly across the ship, and placed his hand on a little iron knob.

"Hold your ears a moment, Miss Mary," said he, pulling the rope to which the knob was attached.

"Fire!" Sir George shouted in terror.

The sound made the whole ship tremble.

"Horrors! what has happened now?" questioned the faint voice of Edward Hogson, his head appearing suddenly at the scuttle.

"Nothing, Sir Edward; do not alarm yourself. I was only sounding my breakfast bell!"

The signal summoned a boat and brought the breakfast. The marriage came off in due time.

THE WALLACHIAN PRIESTHOOD.

THE Greek clergy seems as fond of the root of all evil as a Wall street merchant. An English paper gives the following strange instance of this part of their religious faith:

"Some days ago a *Papadia* (this being the rather celestial name of the priest's wife), a widow with five small children, wished to marry again, that she might save her young family from starving. She was still young and had found a man willing to take her, who, from having sympathized with her in her bereavement, had learned to esteem and at last to love her, and who engaged to adopt the five children. The widow went to M. Miralidi, who calmly informed her that *Papadias* had to pay five hundred piastres for their licence. At these words the unhappy creature began to cry, and told him 'she did not possess such a sum; she had not even bread.' There was no reply. She flung herself at his feet, and begged him to let her off for half the sum if that could be raised. No reply was given; she was praying to a man who was his own idol, one of brass with a heart of stone. He would not bate one para, he said at last, and the afflicted creature returned home lamenting. But at length several persons came forward and clubbed the sum. She now lives, happily it is to be hoped, at a village called *Nikolitzel*, not far from *Widaha*. This is only a specimen of what happens every day."

"May I venture to tell you another little history? A Pole fell in love with a woman of the Oriental church and wanted to marry her; she was a divorced wife, and consequently a single woman. The Pole appeared before the archbishop, was referred to the secretary *Miralidi*, and by him was informed that the laws prohibited mixed marriages between Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics; but if he chose to pay a fine of two thousand piastres, the secretary thought a dispensation might be obtained, and the thing so managed. Seeing this demand would not be complied with, he gradually came down to twenty *Kremnitz* gold ducats, and having bagged them safely, drew out the dispensation forthwith."

"It very often happens that a girl falls in love with a young man, without the knowledge of her parents, and a case of this kind happened in the *Babadagh* districts, at the village of *Peldaut*. The loving couple repaired to M. *Miralidi*, who having communicated with the *protosynghelos*, the archbishop's deputy, obliged them to pay him the sum of nine hundred piastres, as an atonement for their disobedience to the parents and violation of the traditional laws of the land."

"A poor Wallachian died here last month, and the priest was called to bury him. The priest asked whether permission for the interment had been obtained, and the reply was that the poor man had not left a single para behind him to pay for such permission. The consequence was that the priest refused to perform the ceremony, lest he should be punished by the archbishop for so doing. Application was made to the archbishop to grant the required permission. He insisted on the payment of sixty piastres, though he was told the man had died in extreme poverty. The corpse remained unburied for three days longer, and when corruption had begun it was put underground, like that of a brute, without any religious service."

"Thus, from life to death, at every stage of their existence, the flock of these Christian shepherds are shorn by the avarice of their pastors."

Good News for Commercial Travellers.—We learn that an association for Commercial Travellers, akin to that which exists in Great Britain, has recently been projected by some intelligent members of this extensive class, and trust that it may be successfully constituted. The number of travelling agents hailing from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and constantly perambulating the Union, is at least eight thousand, and it is proposed to form a society, with a number of the leading merchants in each city at its head, for the purpose of bringing these travellers into communication with each other; so that the wearing of some slight badge, or peculiar pin, should at once make individuals of this class acquainted with each other. Each member would be expected to pay a small admission fee and annual assessment, for the purpose of establishing a sinking fund, from which sums for the relief of sick or disabled members could be drawn. A preliminary meeting will probably be held in New York after the Spring trade is over. We heartily commend the idea of this association, and trust to witness its inauguration next year.

Elevation Ceremonies.—At a gathering of Celtic Americans preparatory to celebrate the 25th November, when the myriads of tyrants were driven from our shores, a gentleman named *Jingles*, and another gentleman named *Lykes*, both of Dickensian character, by-the-by, amused the tedium of drinking whiskey flims by firing at each other's outer coattails. Four shots were thus amicably disposed of, when a flicker interrupted their patriotic exercises by his appearance. He, however, made no answer, stating he was afraid they might shoot him. *Jingles* is reported to have killed his employer in California some time since; to this peasant incident we owe the honor of his presence here. What a picture this gives of our police. A few days ago a policeman shoots down an unresisting man as a dog, and now we have one who is afraid to arrest a man in the very attempt to murder another. General Nye or Mr. Talmadge ought to see to these matters.



ILLUMINATED PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT—HIBERNIA STEAM FIRE ENGINE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA PASSING 108 LEONARD ST., THE RESIDENCE OF CHIEF ENGINEER HARRY HOWARD.

THE PHILADELPHIA FIRE ENGINE COMPANY IN NEW YORK.

THE brilliant reception tendered to Hibernia Steam Fire Engine Company No. 1, of Philadelphia, on Saturday, November 20th, was in some measure called for by the imputations resting on New York hospitality since the last visit of a Philadelphia fire company to this city; and the complaints made at that time have certainly been thrown altogether into the background by the munificent treatment of our distinguished visitors on this occasion.

Hibernia Company is one of the largest in Philadelphia, comprising about one hundred members, and their engine is deservedly the boast of the department. The company arrived from Amboy about seven P. M., on Saturday, and were received at Pier No. 1, North River, with military honors and loud demonstrations of welcome from the multitude assembled there. Chief Engineer, Harry Howard, acting on behalf of American Engine Company No. 6, the especial entertainers of the Hibernia Company, addressed them as follows:

Gentlemen, members of Hibernia Engine Company, brother firemen of Philadelphia.—By an invitation—which I consider a very flattering compliment—of American Engine Company No. 6, whose guests you are, and representing the New York Fire Department, I greet you and bid you welcome to our city. We have anxiously waited your arrival, and are prepared to receive you as you deserve to be received by the firemen of this metropolis. I am not here to pay homage to your mammoth steam fire engine, nor can I disparage or defame it. My duty is to assure you all that while you honor us with your presence every exertion will be made by New York firemen to make your visit an agreeable and a happy one. (Cheers.)

At about eight P. M. the great torchlight procession of the New York Fire Department was organized, and at eight o'clock it commenced its march. The spectacle presented by this large body of men, with their long array of engines, &c., was one of the finest ever witnessed in New York, and the brilliancy of the scene was enhanced by the illumination of many houses in Broadway, as well as at other points of the line of march. Immense crowds lined the streets from the Battery to Fourteenth street, and cheers everywhere greeted the Philadelphia company. They were dressed in the firemen's white coat, with a Philadelphia fire hat, beautifully painted, representing an eagle holding from its beak a golden harp. They also wore a cape, with the letters A. F. in front, and a representation of the eagle and harp behind.

During Sunday the Company were entertained by their American hosts, and on Monday they were shown the "Islands," and other places of interest about the city. In the evening they were the especial guests of the American Engine Company in Mozart Hall. In response to the toast of "Our guests," Colonel Paige

replied on behalf of the Philadelphians, acknowledging their profound sense of the unlimited courtesies that had been extended to them, and hoping that the occasion of their visit would be productive of much practical advantage, not only as cementing more

strongly the good feeling existing between the firemen of the two cities, but as affording an opportunity of exhibiting the powers of the steam fire engine.

The Chairman proposed the following toast—
Our worthy Chief, HARRY HOWARD—May he be blessed with health: that priceless boon, secured to him, gives to us an unequalled leader.
Which was most enthusiastically responded to.

The exhibition took place on Tuesday, when the members of the Hibernia Company made trial of their engine in the Park. The trial was very successful. Twelve minutes after fire was applied to the boiler, and when the steam-gauge marked 22 pounds, the engine was working. Five separate tests were made with different pressures, and nozzles of various sizes. At first, with a nozzle one inch and an eighth in diameter, and 65 pounds of steam, water was thrown 177 feet; then with the same amount of steam, a stream of one inch and a quarter was projected 158 feet 6 inches. With a nozzle 2½ inches in diameter, and a pressure of 90 pounds, a distance of between 130 and 140 feet was reached. The one inch and an eighth nozzle was again tried with this same pressure, when a stream was thrown 163 feet. A four and five-eighth inch nozzle was attached to the hose at the last trial, but neither the pressure or distance were accurately noted. But the experiments were not all on horizontal projections.

The steam engine is a very strong, beautiful and simple machine, weighing about 8,000 pounds, and of thirty horse power. It was built by Mr. Joseph Parry, at the works of Reaney, Neafie & Co., and has an 11½ inch steam cylinder, 6½ inch pump, and 14 inch stroke of piston. It bears this inscription:

Hibernia Fire Engine Co. 1,
Instituted February 20th, 1752;
Incorporated September 20th, 1841.
Steam Fire Engine,
Adopted January 20th, 1858;
Finished October 16th, 1858.

Trustees and Building Committee:
JOHN THORNTON, Chairman.
DAVID JAYNE, GEORGE GRISCOM,
JACOB BURNETT, JOHN EVENERAY,
WM. WOODSIDE, CALVIN S. WRIGHT.

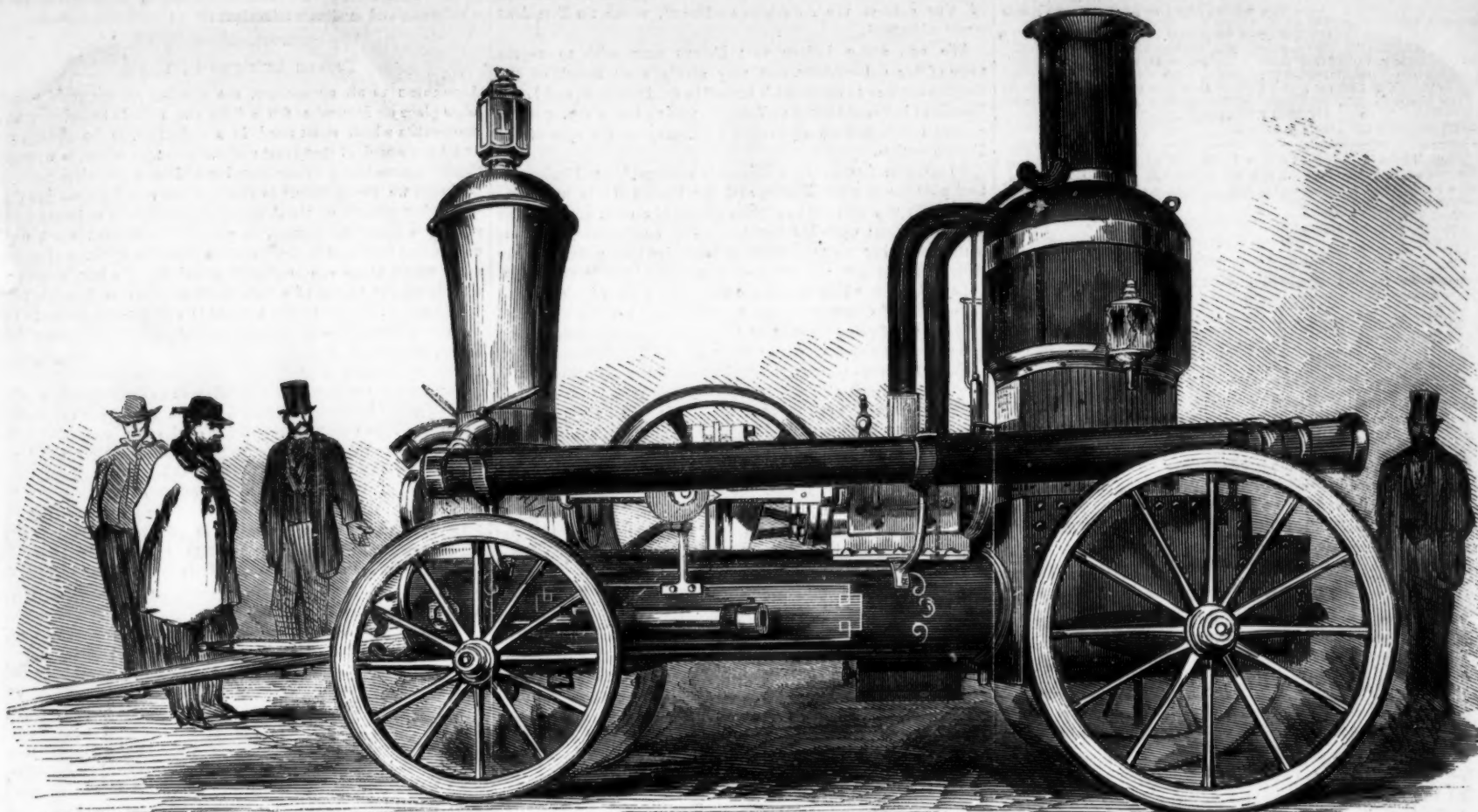
Officers of the Company:
President.....JAMES PAGE.
Vice-President.....HENRY A. COOK.
Secretary.....J. R. DOWNING.
Assistant Secretary.....JAS. MCCOLLAM.
Treasurer.....GEO. H. HOLMES.

Collectors:
FRANCIS H. FINNEY, J. P. DOWNING.

After the exhibition, Engine Company No. 6, of this city, escorted the Hibernia boys to the Fulton Ferry, and on arriving



HARRY HOWARD, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.



STEAM FIRE ENGINE OF THE HIBERNIA COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROTHERS.

in Brooklyn, Engine Company No. 7, of that city, assumed escort duty. Engine Companies Nos. 3 and 5, and Hook and Ladder No. 1, of Brooklyn, also turned out to welcome the visitors. The companies formed in line and marched to the Navy Yard, and thence to the City Hall. A collation was afterwards served at Arent's Hotel. Mr. Spinola made the speech of welcome, and Colonel Paige responded for the "Hibernians."

On Tuesday evening, the Old Guard of the Fire Department entertained the Philadelphians at a banquet at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and on Wednesday morning they left for Boston.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE ARSENAL.

At one o'clock in the morning of Friday, November 19th, the roof of the new State Arsenal, situated on the north-east corner of Seventh avenue and Thirty-fifth street, fell in, carrying with it the upper story of all but the western wall. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the crash took place during the night, as some score of workmen were engaged upon the inside during the day, and much loss of life must inevitably have resulted if the accident had happened during working hours.

The building was erected in accordance with provision made to that effect by the Legislature, and Adjutant-General Thompson, Inspector-General Bruce and Commissary-General Ward were appointed Commissioners to select the site and receive proposals

for plans for the building. The plan of Messrs. Cleveland & Backus was accepted, and to that firm was awarded the superintendence of the erection of the building. The contract for construction was awarded to Richard Calrow, junior, for sixty-three thousand seven hundred dollars. The building was eighty-two feet in the clear on Seventh avenue by one hundred and eighty-four in the clear on Thirty-fifth street. A turret was erected on each corner of the building—the highest of which was one hundred and twenty feet in height. The walls to the second story were constructed of Hastings stone; above they were of brick, and double—each being eight inches in thickness, with a space of four inches between the two.

In the original plan of the rafters, the architects proposed to have an iron tie to extend across from the foot of each, but this was abandoned by them under the belief that the frame was sufficiently strong without.

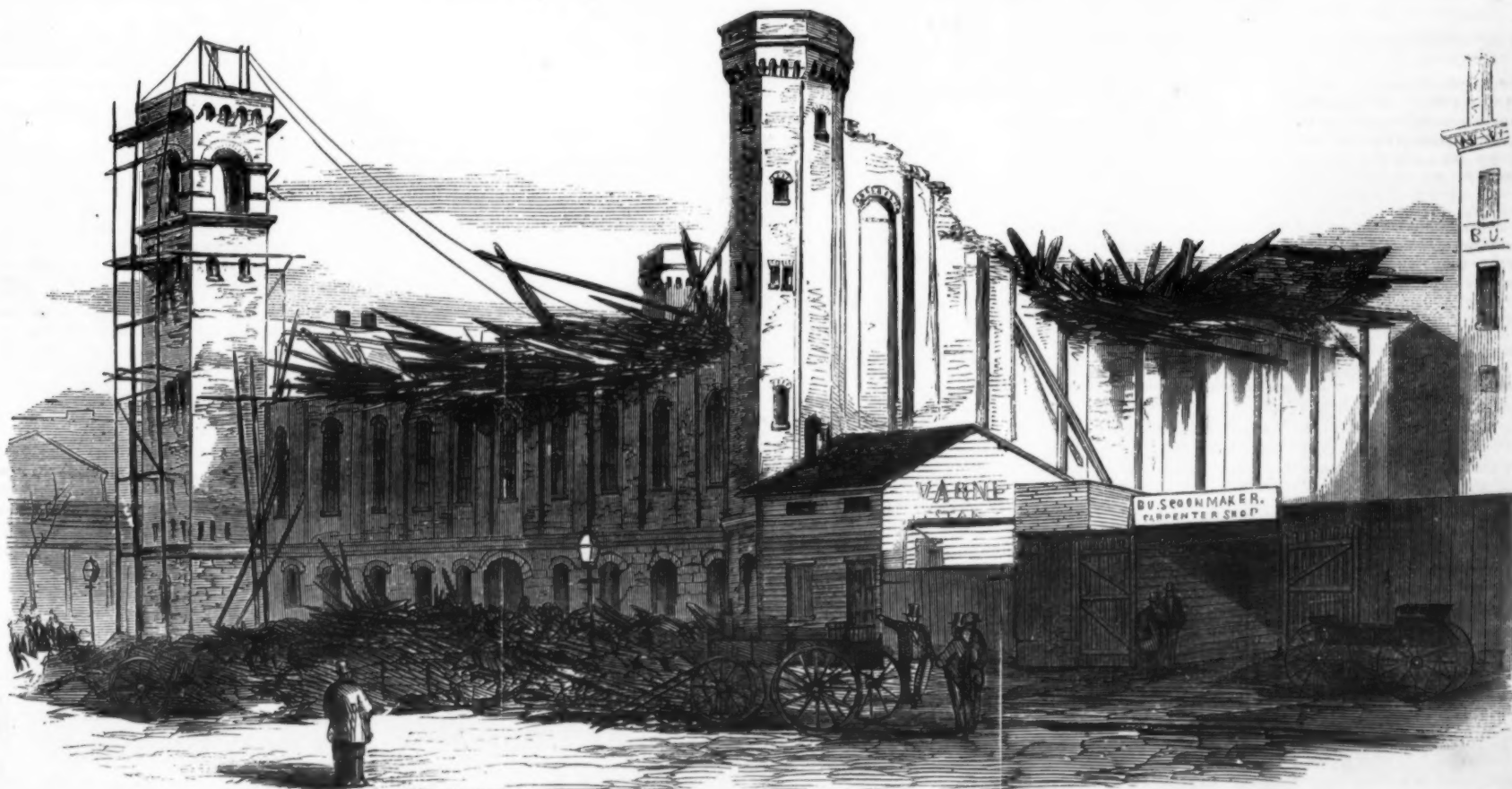
The cause of the accident was the imperfect support of the roof. The rafters were constructed of wood, and were designed to sustain the roof without any support in the centre of the building. The span being eighty-two feet, to make it sufficiently strong became a problem, and the plan adopted by the architects, though it was pronounced by many practical men, and among them Mr. Calrow, the contractor, to be imperfect, was believed by them to be secure. The result proved, however, that they were greatly mistaken.

The damage to the building will probably reach twenty-five thousand dollars.

A very singular escape from fatal injuries took place at the moment when the building was destroyed. A portion of the wall and coping fell on the roof of a house adjoining on Thirty-fifth street, crushing it in. A heavy piece of coping lodged on a bed upon which Mrs. Armstrong and her two daughters were sleeping. Mrs. Armstrong was severely injured, and had to be conveyed to the Twentieth precinct station. Her daughters escaped injury. This piece of coping came down with such force that it broke through the floor. Another piece of the coping fell upon a stable in the rear, and killed a horse valued at two hundred dollars. It also crushed in the roof of a house adjoining on Seventh avenue, but injured no one.

But for this unexpected downfall, the State authorities would have taken possession, of the building in a few days.

A Boy Husband's Suicide.—William Porter—a boy husband, eighteen years old—committed suicide at Jackson, Tennessee, last week, by swallowing strychnine. He was the son of the late Col. Porter, who commanded a company in the Mexican war from Memphis. The Jackson *Whig* says: "Porter came to Jackson some four or five days ago, since which time he has been passing about the streets in a melancholy mood, and occasionally alluding to a purpose of self-destruction; but as he was most of the time under the influence of liquor, no one paid any serious attention to his declarations. On the morning of his death he wrote and mailed a letter to his wife, took strychnine, and then sent for his landlord, who said to him, 'Porter, you surely have not done that?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I'll be d—d if I haven't. I have a wife and nothing to support her on; they won't let me have my estate, and I'm unwilling to live any longer.'"



RUINS OF THE NEW YORK STATE ARSENAL, CORNER OF SEVENTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, N. Y.

A Poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject, that it is not possible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

LITERATURE.

The Witches of New York. An Encounter by Q. K. FILLANDER DOMESTICA, P. B. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway.

The clever and characteristic sketches which compose this pleasant volume originally appeared in the New York Tribune. The air of vivid reality, the life-like evocation which pervades these local sketches, struck the popular mind at once, and made them famous and eagerly sought after. The "Witches of New York" are modernized, milk-and-water descendants of those famous historical, burned-up, drowned out, withered hags of broomstick, fly-by-night notoriety. They are perfectly innocent of magic; they are, in fact, complete Know-Nothing humbugs. Still their influence is as pernicious to our weak modern fools as were their ancient prototypes to the superstitious and ignorant of the good old (thank goodness!) gone-by days.

It was to expose these impudent and ignorant demitres that the learned and immortal Doesticks penetrated, regardless of life and expense, into their very holy of holies. What he saw there he must tell in his own inimitable manner. He saw them from his own particular point of view; he saw the gross transparent swindle of the whole affair, but he also saw the humorous phase which the various phases he visited presented.

He has Daguerrotyp'd the several "wise women" whose dens he entered so faithfully, that we can see them move and hear them speak as we read his admirable sketches. We commend the "Witches of New York" very cordially to our readers. It is one of Doesticks' best efforts, and will well repay the reading. It is admirably susceptible of illustration, and we think it would pay well to issue an illustrated edition. Rudd & Carleton have produced the book in capital style.

The Printer. A Monthly Newspaper. New York: Henry & Huntington. This most elegantly printed serial for November is full of valuable information connected with the typographical art, of which, indeed, it is the model journal. The present number contains a very pleasant paper on wood engravings, with some critical notices on the most famous in that art.

The Democratic Age. Edited by CHARLES EDWARDS LESTER. Published by Hale, Valentine & Co., No. 41 Park row.

We have before us the second number of this well-conducted and able monthly magazine. It assumes to be devoted to statesmanship, science, art, literature and progress, and while it is the scope of its aim, it fulfills its promise with singular judgment and ability. Its character is essentially high-toned, and its style is at once brilliant, forcible and argumentative, and we are glad to welcome it into the family of the magazines, of which it will prove a valuable and distinguished member.

The contents of the November number will be found of wide and varied interest, comprising the following subjects: 1. The Foreign Policy of the United States; 2. The Constitution Must be Changed; 3. Machiavelli's His Life, Writings and Times; 4. Botta, the Italian Historian; 5. Na Ionality of Democracy; 6. Meeting of Arnold and André; 7. Illustrations of the Second Period of the Republic; 8. Lewis Cass, IV. Henry Clay; 9. Alfieri; 10. The Wane of Federalism; 11. Judge Parker.

There are, besides, two strong specialties in which a variety of subjects are ably and pleasantly treated, entitled, "Sparkings on the Water" and "Illustrations of the Democratic Age." The subscription terms are two dollars and a half per annum.

Every Woman her Own Lawyer. By GEORGE BISHOP. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 15 Ann street. This is the best kind of Women's Rights' book, for it gives her clearly to understand her legal position in the world, and her inalienable rights which that position confers. A woman, armed with the legal lore of this book, will be ready to go to law at any time, and will know too much to be imposed upon by any overbearing or unscrupulous tyrant-master, meane husband.

Justing apart, it is well for all women to know her rights allowed by custom and law; such knowledge may stand them in good stead in cases where their own and their children's welfare are placed in jeopardy by a thoughtless or reckless husband and father. It is well to be fore-armed with the requisite knowledge in cases of emergency, and in this view we commend this book to our lady readers. At all events, it will do them no harm to give a little attention to its pages.

It contains the laws of the different States relative to marriage and divorce, property in marriage, guardians and wards, rights in property of a wife, rights of widows, arrests of females for debts, alimony, bigamy, voluntary separations, breach of promise, just causes for leaving a husband, wife's support, property in trust, transfers of property, deeds of gift, annuities, articles of separation, dower, false pretenses in courtship, and a vast number of other necessary and important information. It is a good and very useful book.

Self-Made Men. By CHARLES C. K. SEYMOUR. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin square.

The lives of self-made men must always be a subject of absorbing interest and eager curiosity to the large majority of the world, for the reason that nine-tenths of all the men who have become famous and household words in the mouths of the people have risen from the ranks, have won distinction by the force of native genius, by indomitable perseverance and in defiance of opposing circumstances. The lives of such men, the real life-heroes of the world's history, will always be, and naturally so, subjects of keen interest to the great mass of the people.

Mr. Seymour has collected and prepared in this single volume the leading points and distinguishing traits in the lives of some sixty eminent men, who owed their exaltation to the force of their natural intelligence. He has given all that is necessary to know of their actions, each life in a brief essay which sums up the mental calibre of the subject, and gives us at a glance an insight into the intellectual, moral and physical man. We can read the lessons which their lives inculcate as well as though each individual had a volume exclusively devoted to his achievements, and to the dreamy and too often inaccurate deductions of incompetent biographers.

Mr. Seymour has chosen a wide range, having taken for his heroes men from a most every department in which eminence has been achieved, and from every country which has given birth to influential giants.

Each biography is accompanied by a characteristic portrait, fairly executed from authentic originals.

This volume of the "Lives of Self-Made Men" is a pleasant and valuable addition to our literature. It is produced in elegant style by the Harpers, and will become, we think, a very popular and saleable book.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—The production of Mozart's beautiful opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," attracted a brilliant and crowded audience on Tuesday evening, the 23d inst. It has not been performed in New York for the last twenty years. Before that time, it was performed, we believe, by the Garcia company, which included the glorious M. libran. A little later a managed edition was presented by an English opera company, which was but a sorry compliment to poor Mozart.

The cast on the present occasion was as follows: Sposonah, Milla, Piccolomini; the Countess, Milla Ghioni; Cherubini, the page, Milla, Berkel; Figaro, Carl Fornes; Almaviva, Florenza; and Basilio, Perring. The other characters were well sustained by Madame Morra and Messrs. Weinlich, Muller, &c.

Piccolomini acted, looked and dressed the character of Susannah to perfection. It is one in which all the pretty coquetties and maidenly arts and cunning ways are positive essentials, and all who have seen Piccolomini can imagine for them selves how charmingly fascinating her rendition of such a character must be. It was, in every respect, exquisitely artistic and delightfully natural. One of the most pleasant touches of genuine nature was her expression of affectionate delight at the unexpected presence of her bridegroom's aged parents. Real life could present nothing more touching and earnest. The music, so quiet and so delicious in its character and sentiment, presents no opportunities for display or effect, especially in the first act. In the second act she charmed the audience both by singing and acting. In the third and fourth acts she rendered her music most beautifully, and won, with Milla Ghioni, an enthusiastic encore in the exquisite duet, "Sull' Aria," and she also gained, subsequently, a well deserved encore in her fine aria, which she sang with unexceptionable taste and skill. We must pay Milla Piccolomini the just compliment by remarking that she rendered all the difficult concerted music perfectly, singing every note with conscientious exactness. For this alone she deserves the thanks and applause of all whose good opinion is worth having.

Each character that Piccolomini has undertaken has fully confirmed the favorable judgment elicited upon her first appearance. The charm of novelty has worn off, but her fascination is as strong as ever, and the public regards her with unabated enthusiastic admiration. Her detractors are just nowhere—it is Piccolomini, the woman and the artist, that the public loves, and not the Princess and the Cardinal's niece. With her antecedents we have nothing to do, and it is only the poke nose of the press who raise outside issues to draw off the attention from their watery dribblings, dignified by the title of musical criticism. The pleasant, quaint, charming, talented little Piccolomini is too strongly fixed in the affection of the public to be damaged in the slightest particular by the stings of a hundred such gad-flies.

Milla Ghioni was a most acceptable Countess. She sang her music with grace and care, and with commendable distinctness; and Madame Berkel, though apparently very nervous in her boy's costume, sang well and looked very charmingly.

Fornes, with a voice very much out of order, put much spirit into his part, and sang in two languages, for the benefit of the public in general. Upon the score of the famous aria, "Non più andrai," he repeated it in the German language, a piece of foolish impertinence which should have been rewarded by a hearty hissing as a public rebuke. No artist is sufficiently adaptable to warrant his insulting the public by such an act of unmeaning absurdity.

Florenza was an excellent Count, and Mr. Perring, as Basilio, deserved warm commendation. The other characters were fairly sustained. The orchestra was admirable throughout, and we may safely venture to assert that Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" never had so much justice done to it, instrumentally, in America. Altogether it was a highly creditable performance.

Arthur Napoleon, the Young Pianist.—This Arthur Napoleon is a boy-wonder. He has been known in Europe for several years past as manifest-

ing extraordinary promise, and latterly as an extraordinary performer. He certainly possesses manipulative power in an extraordinary degree. He has an immense stretch of finger, an exquisite touch, great force, remarkable precision and a delicate perception of the most subtle shades of sentiment. At his concert last Tuesday evening he performed several styles of music. We were unable to attend the early portion of the concert, but we heard enough to satisfy us that young Napoleon had not been over-rated. He is an extraordinary performer, and we recommend him to the attention of the musical world; he is worthy their most liberal patronage, and at his future concerts we hope to see a demonstration of encouraging interest in his favor. We owe it to our reputation as a musical community, and we trust that it will be accorded.

Stephen C. Massett in Boston.—We see by the Boston papers that "Jermes Pipes" is creating quite a sensation in the modern Athens. His lectures were crowded to overflowing; hundreds were prevented obtaining admittance. The Boston papers speak in terms of the highest praise of Mr. Massett's entertainments, and predict for him a great success throughout New England.

Mason and Thomas' Classical Matinee.—The first of these delightful concerts was given at Dodgworth's Rooms on Tuesday, the 23d inst. The programme was as follows: Quartette in A major, Schumann; sonata for piano and violinello, Beethoven; chaconne for the violin, Bach, by Theodore Thomas; and Schubert's trio in B-flat.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—"Going to the Bad" has been the chief attraction during the last week, and as we have noticed that in our last number, we have only now to add that it maintains its ground. Brougham's Peter Potts is an admirable personation. Mr. Lester, however, seems to us as taking little interest in his part lately; possibly he is laboring under indispotion. "Elise and Cherry" improve on acquaintance.

Laura Keane's Theatre.—The same old story. Crowded houses to call upon "Our American Cousin." Long before the overture commences there is not a spare inch of room to be had. It seems to grow in the public favor.

Barnum's Museum.—Mr. Greenwood presents every day a "bill of fare" perfectly unique. Curiosity, drama is an entertainment, words of art and nature, render the American Museum unapproachable for its general interest. It is also an excellent place to lounge for an hour, and refresh the mind with a succession of entertaining objects.

ART NEWS.

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES FROM FLAT SURFACES.—We (the Times) have had laid before us some productions of an invention which opens up an entirely new field for stereoscopic pictures, by rendering views taken from paintings or engravings as solid and apparently real as if they had been photographed from the subjects which the paintings represent. Till now no stereographic cards of engravings have been made, for the good reason that they would not have had any more relief than the engravings themselves, and would have quite wanted the charm of apparent reality which renders the stereoscope so popular. If this invention can be applied to any painting or view on a flat surface, which from the specimens we have seen we have no reason to doubt, there will be produced by and by stereographs of many of our most remarkable pictures, which will have a charm by this means added to them never dreamt of by their producers. This will be doing a service of no small value to the man of moderate means.

The stereoscope has been called the poor man's picture gallery, and it is indeed so, placing within the means of a poor household the power of possessing excellent transcripts of nature and works of art, and which possess that essential quality for becoming favorites in small establishments—the taking up of little house-room. Stereographs of subjects quite beyond the range of ordinary photography will by this means be rendered possible. No exertion could gather together characters with the requisite expression and with all the adjuncts of suitable scenery such as are found in even an ordinary painting, and retain them still until they were fixed by the camera. If the invention becomes recognized and employed, it will no doubt exercise great influence on artists, for imperfections in perspective or drawing are rendered painfully apparent in the stereoscope, and the author of paintings of merit likely to come under the stereoscope will feel this.

The invention is by Mr. John Sang, and the subjects he has chosen to illustrate it are Mr. Cruikshank's etchings of "The Bottle." The stereographs are exact transcripts of the etchings, but to their wonderful truth of expression there is added an appearance of reality perfectly startling, every detail of the composition standing out in relief. These stereographs, which are dedicated to Mr. Cruikshank, are modestly called an attempt to render the etchings stereographic, but we think the attempt very successful.

The French Slave Trade.—Louis Napoleon having bullied little Portugal, has been compelled to back down before the rising indignation of the English public, which was justly scandalized at his barbarous action in that worn out traffic, the slave trade, under the title of Cuban trade. His repentance is contained in the following letter to his cousin, the Minister for the Colonies:

"St. Cloud, October 30, 1858. My DEAR COUSIN,—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the difference with Portugal relative to the Charles et Georges has terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the African coast should be definitely examined and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice. I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the Charles et Georges, because I will always maintain the independence of the national flag; but, in this case, even, it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I asked of the King of Portugal that of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him; but, as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes, my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, laborers recruited in the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free will, and if that recruitment is only the slave trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms, for it is not I who will protect anyone who enters into a contract, to progress, to humanity and civilization. I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you will bring to bear on all affairs about which you employ yourself; and as the best method of putting a term to what is a continual cause of dispute—which would be to substitute the free labor of Indian coolies for that of the negro—I will beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered on a few months ago. On this, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping."

"NAPOLEON."

The London Times, in copying the above letter, says: "But we shall not complain the Emperor on his letter. Retreat from a false position is no doubt wise, but it may be too long deferred to command admiration or sympathy. The English public, deeply moved by the lawlessness of the recent proceedings, will look upon the present act only with cold satisfaction."

The Emperor is at it venturing upon a very hazardous experiment—the prosecution of Count Montalivet for some independent sentences in an article he wrote upon the Cuban war. The count has decided upon defending himself in person. It is very probable that the trial will be abandoned.

Walker and Palmerston.—The Irish Premier and the Scotch Filibuster never had any sympathy for each other. The London Post, Lord Palmerston's organ, is an editorial, says:

"With regard to the States of Central America, the intelligence which has lately been received is, with one exception, of a most unsatisfactory character. Walker, the model filibuster, is about to start for the scenes of his former piratical exploits. We are informed from Washington that he is 'well backed, both with men and money,' and that his enterprise 'excites great interest.' We hear, however, that a treaty between England and Nicaragua has at length been signed, and that the British admiral on the West Indian station has very properly received orders to act against Walker and his confederates should President Martin's command his aid. Under these circumstances, we have a very confident belief that the demand will be made, that the assistance of the British admiral will be efficiently afforded, and that Walker will be taught the useful lesson that private warfare upon land can no more be tolerated than piracy upon the sea."

We can now understand Walker's disposition to sail for the Lathum, and also the reason for Mr. Buchanan's proclamation.

Shakespeare and the Bible.—Amongst the numerous admirers, we may say almost worshippers of the "Sweet Swan of Avon," there must be many of our readers who will approve of the Rev. T. B. Esch's remarks. "In storing his mind, Shakespeare went first to the sacred, and then to the works of God. In shaping the true he derived from these sources, he obeyed the instinct implanted by Him who has formed him Shakespeare. Hence his power of inspiring us with sublime affection for that which is properly good, and of clothing us with horror by his awful delineations of evil. Shakespeare perpetually reminds us of the Bible, not by direct quotation, indirect allusion, borrowed idioms, or palpable imitation of phrase and style, but by an elevation of thought and simplicity of diction which are not to be found elsewhere. A passage, for instance, rises in our thoughts, accompanied by a clear recollection of its origin. Our first impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or to Shakespeare. No other author excites the same feeling in an equal degree. In Shakespeare's plays religion is a vital and active principle, sustaining the good, tormenting the wicked, and influencing the hearts and lives of all."

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A calm, blue-eyed, self composed and self-possessed young lady in a village "down east," received along with the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C—. Now, if folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblinking steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and you're sure of none of your business."

"I understand you are in the milk business, Bess."

"Yes, Bess," said he, "I'm now in the milk business—fuss-rate business—pays well."

"Glad to hear it, Bones."

"But a feller met me the other day, and, says he, 'Bones, you orter shingle dem cows of yours.'"

"Shingle your cows! Why, wot in de world did he ax you to shingle de cows for?"

Bones took a long breath, and casting a sly glance at Sam, replied,

"To keep the water from runnin' in de milk!"

She Is Not Listening Now.

I held a parley with my tears,
My tears that fell like rain;
I cannot sing in these dull years
The old exulting strain
What though this sad declining life
Riches and fame endow,
Too late the peace, too long the strife—
She is not listening now!

To thee my travel-weary soul
Would ever fly for rest,
And all its dear-bought stores unroll,
Thou brightest and thou best,
Treasure above all wealth or lore,
As I shall ever vow,
Thou art gone hence for evermore,
Thou art not listening now!

True that for thee I would have died,
Or lived all fear above—
And rusted cheeks of life defied,
With an o'er-mastering love,
In vain this wild and frantic grief,
In vain each fervent vow,
Slow time, wane age, bring small relief,
She is not listening now!

Ah, bound on earth in dearest links,
With the soul's brightest halo,
A whisper comes, "Thy spirit shuns,
Yet it shall climb again
To richest peace—in union sure."
My best-love, answerest thou?
Oh, woe! I'll wait I'll wait I'll wait,
For she is listening now!

Too Good to be True.—We once had the pleasure of steamboating with J. H. T., who is noted for his fondness for a joke. He would entertain us for hours with his amusing stories, and whenever an opportunity offered of having fun, he would never let it pass. J. H. T. was once in a drug store in the city of B., when a youth, fresh from the country, entered and asked for a job.

"What kind of a job?" asked J. H. T.

"Oh, a most anything. I want to get a kind of gestic job; I'm tired o' cuttin' wood, and kin turn my hand to a most anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good strong fellow—a sample clerk."

"What's the wages?" asked country.

"Wages are good; we pay a man in that situation \$1,000."

"What has a feller got ter do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that is all. It requires a stout man—one of good constitution, and a'ter he gets used to it he doesn't mind it. You see we are very particular about our medicines, and before we will them we always try them. You would be required to take say six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few casts of rubarb, aloes, croton oil, blue mass, guinea, strychnine, and similar preparations—try the strength of coage by spreading it between the sheets before going to bed in warm weather, and try the quality of a soap by rubbing yourself down with it. You can count on from twelve to fifteen doses per day. As to the work, that does not amount to much; the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; but, as I said before, it requires a strong healthy man to ensure it. We should like to have you take light to do; if you say so, we will begin to-day."

"Well," replied our candidate, "I don't care much."

Jim stepped back in the store, followed by his brother clerk and "verand."

He reached from a shelf a box of Sedition powder, and taking therefrom a blue and white paper, mixed them separately with water in two glasses.

"Now, drink this immediately afterwards, and let me see as to their respective tastes."

Unsuspecting innocence complied with Jim's wishes, when horror of horrors what a sight was there! Nothing could equal the grotesque figure cut by greeny. He swelled up like a toad, till one would have thought he was about to burst. From his widely open mouth ran rivers of foam. He gasped for breath, threw his arms into the air, twisted round on his heels, flew behind the counter among the glass jars, &c., and amidst the crash of the broken ware, and the uproarious laughter of the lookers-on, he fell to the floor and roared like a lion. Jim then gave him a mixture which brought instant relief, and "poor country" once more stood among the clerks with such a well-regained expression that it caused another outburst from Jim and his friends. Verand became indignant, was about to leave the store, when Jim accosted him with:

"Here's a barrel of castor oil—I'll just draw an ounce, and—"

"No, no; I guess not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down to the tavern, and see my aunt fabiths; an' ef I conclude to come, I'll come ter-morrow and let yer know."

As he did not return, it is to be supposed he considered the work too hard.

The Use of Large Words.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when no thing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end. "Oh, don't be afraid," said the minister, "it is nothing but a phanasma-soria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington, N. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plaid old farmer, was astonished at the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said,

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit."

"So I did," answered the lawyer, "but you see when I brought up there before the judges they said it was *quorum non judices*."

"Well, if they said it was bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it," and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

Could Blows the Wind.

Could blow the wind o'er you bleak hill,
The murky sigh begins to fall,
Let me gang pace the wild wood side,
And think on her that's far awa';
The wintry winds are ought to me,
Though they blow e'er so wild and drear,
While in this token find I go;
'Twas here—the maid I love so dear.

Come sorrow, 'gin thou wilt—nae love,
Na friend's sake I may to leave;
I press this gift unto my lips,
While on it drops the bitter tear;
I press it only to my breast,
While my heart's like to break in twa,
There shall it aye for ever rest,
For sake o' her that's far awa'.

And should I never see again
Her for whom a sake I wear it there,
I'll wed my soul to it alone,
And never live sweet woman mair;
And when my heart wi' grief has done,
This is the last request I'll make,
Oh, lay it in the caud, could grave,
Along wi' me—for her dear sake!

A Conversation. took place recently at the Point Bressa Racecourse: "What's that horse out of?" said one of the wou d-be smart ones, with a view to quiz one of the Neek boys who was riding on an old horse, which showed less blood than bones. "Out of?" "Yes; what he's out of—don't you know?" "Yes, I do." "Well, what?" "Out of oats!"

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A down east editor says a girl was asked nothing since to unite herself in the solemn tie to a brikl la, who had May in his nuptials. The lady tenderly intimated that May was an unlucky month for marryin'.

"Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate.

The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said, with a blush,

"Wouldn't April do as well?"

At a Revival meeting West, a deacon related his experience, in which he acknowledged to the penetration of many improprieties. After concluding, a friend of his got up, and said he could endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and villenous, for he certainly was the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He sprang to his feet and exclaimed, aloud, "You're a — liar! and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church!"

THE LATE ISAAC NEWTON.

MR. ISAAC NEWTON, one of the most estimable citizens of New York, expired at his residence in this city, on Monday evening, November 23d, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, and a resident of Rensselaer county, in this State. When Robert Fulton's first boat, named the "Clermont," made her trial trip in 1807, Isaac Newton, then thirteen years old, had his interest excited in the project of steam navigation, and the bent thus given to his mind, aided by his constructive talent and habits of enterprise, made him famous as a steamboat builder and proprietor. Over ninety vessels, consisting of ocean steamers, steamboats, barges, sloops, &c., have been built under his supervision. In 1836, the celebrated "People's Line," from New York to Albany, was established, and in 1840 it was placed under Mr. Newton's superintendence. The splendid steamboats Hendrick Hudson, the New World and the Isaac Newton, named in his honor, were constructed under his supervision and placed on this line. Mr. Newton has been identified, besides, with many other most useful enterprises in connection with steamship navigation.

THE QUAGGA.

THE Zoological Society of London have recently succeeded in obtaining a male quagga from the British dominions in Southern Africa, a fact of some importance, as it is thought that this stalwart and beautiful species of zebra may be naturalised in Europe. The society, which possesses the largest and most magnificent zoological collection ever formed, to which sovereigns and private individuals all over the world are continually making additions, have already acclimatized some useful animals in Great Britain.

Although the quagga is the least brilliantly-marked of the three species of zebrine animals which are found in South Africa, it is probably the strongest, and certainly the most tractable. Its northern limit, according to Captain Sir Cornwallis Harris, is the River Vaal. He says: "The animal was formerly extremely common within the colony; but, vanishing before the strides of civilization, is now to be found in very limited numbers, and on the borders only. Beyond, and on those sultry plains which are completely taken possession of by wild beasts, and may, with strict propriety, be termed the domains of savage nature, it occurs in interminable herds; and although never intermixing with its own more elegant congeners, it is almost invariably to be found ranging with the white-tailed gnu and with the ostrich, for the society of which bird especially it evinces the most singular predilection. Moving slowly across the profile of the ocean-like horizon, uttering a shrill barking neigh, of which its name forms a correct imitation, long files of quaggas continually remind the early traveller of a rival caravan on its march. Bands of many hundreds are frequently seen during their migration from the dreary and desolate plains of some portion of the interior, which has formed their secluded abode, seeking for those more luxuriant pastures where, during the summer months, various herbs thrust forth their leaves and flowers to form a green carpet, spangled with hues the most brilliant and diversified."

THE TWIN STEAMER BUN-YIP.

THIS curious vessel is one of a class extensively employed in the navigation of the South Australian rivers. Their peculiarity consists in the fact that each vessel consists of two almost independent parts, connected only by a planking forming the deck, with the paddle-wheel between them. The sharpness of each vessel enables them to reach a considerable rate of speed,



THE LATE ISAAC NEWTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

while at the same time the connecting flooring gives them a great breadth of beam. The Bun-yip has recently been placed on the station for conveyance of passengers and merchandise between Adelaide and neighboring places.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

THE lamented decease of this distinguished lawyer and valued citizen took place at Paris on the 8th of November, only a few days after his arrival in the metropolis. Mr. Butler was born at Kinderhook on the 15th December, 1795. He studied law with Martin Van Buren, and became his partner as soon as he was admitted to the bar. He soon became distinguished in his chosen profession, and was elected to the post of Representative in the

State Legislature at a comparatively early age. After having served in the House of Assembly, he was appointed one of a committee of three to revise the Statutes of the State, his colleagues being John Duer and John C. Spencer. The result of their labors are the Revised Statutes of New York.

Under General Jackson, Mr. Butler was made Attorney-General of the United States, an office which he filled with great ability and conscientiousness. He was afterwards, for a time, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Of late years he had withdrawn from public affairs, and devoted himself assiduously to his profession—too assiduously, doubtless, for his health, which, though a good constitution enabled him long to resist the effect of excessive application, yielded at last, and he determined to try the effect of a voyage to Europe and a residence abroad. He sailed in the steamer Arago for Havre, on the 16th of October last.

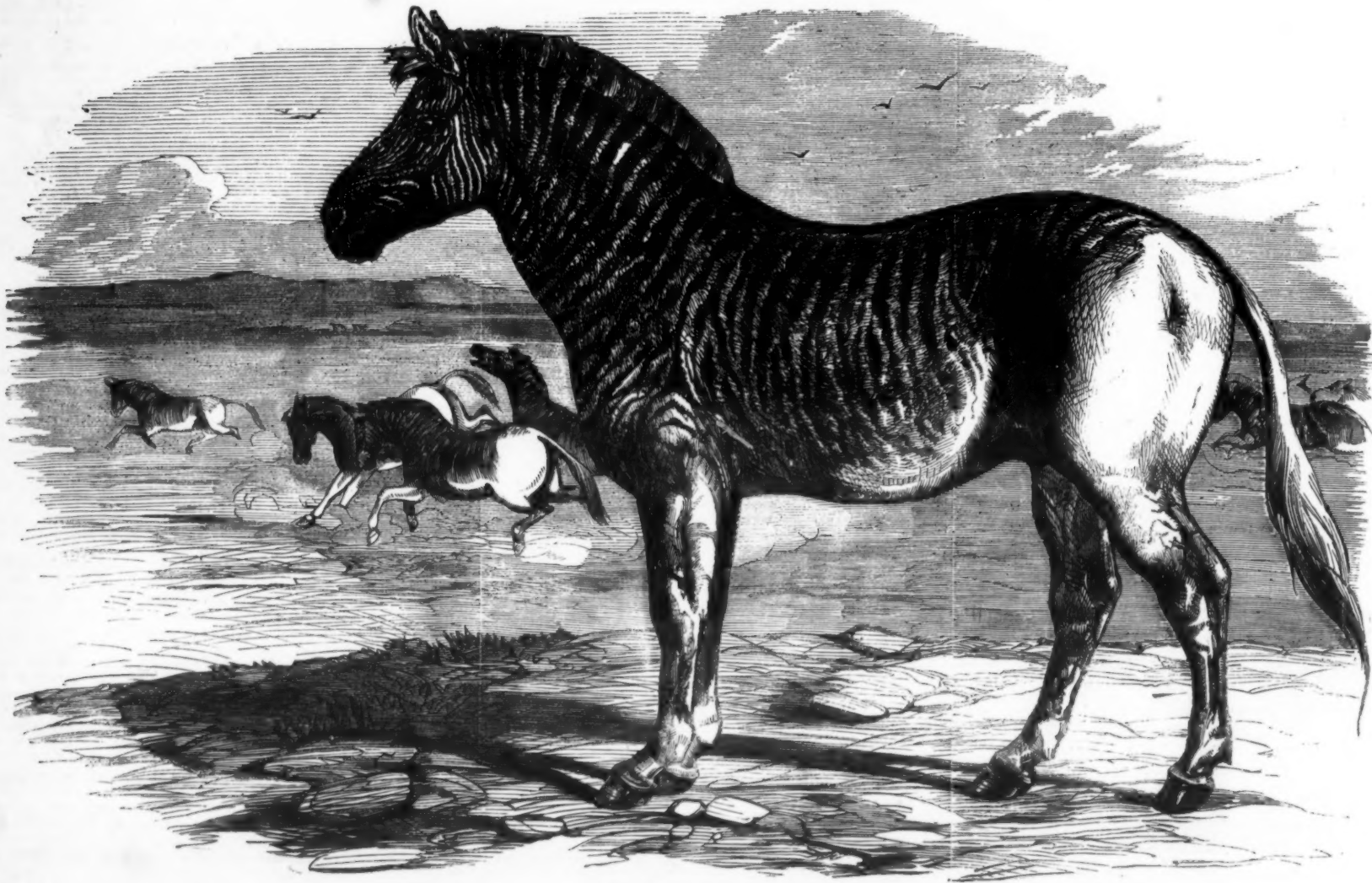
Mr. Butler arrived in Paris on the 3d of November, and was at once assailed with a severe and subsequently fatal attack of diabetes, a disease to which he had previously been subject. His death ensued at nine p. m., on the 8th of November.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

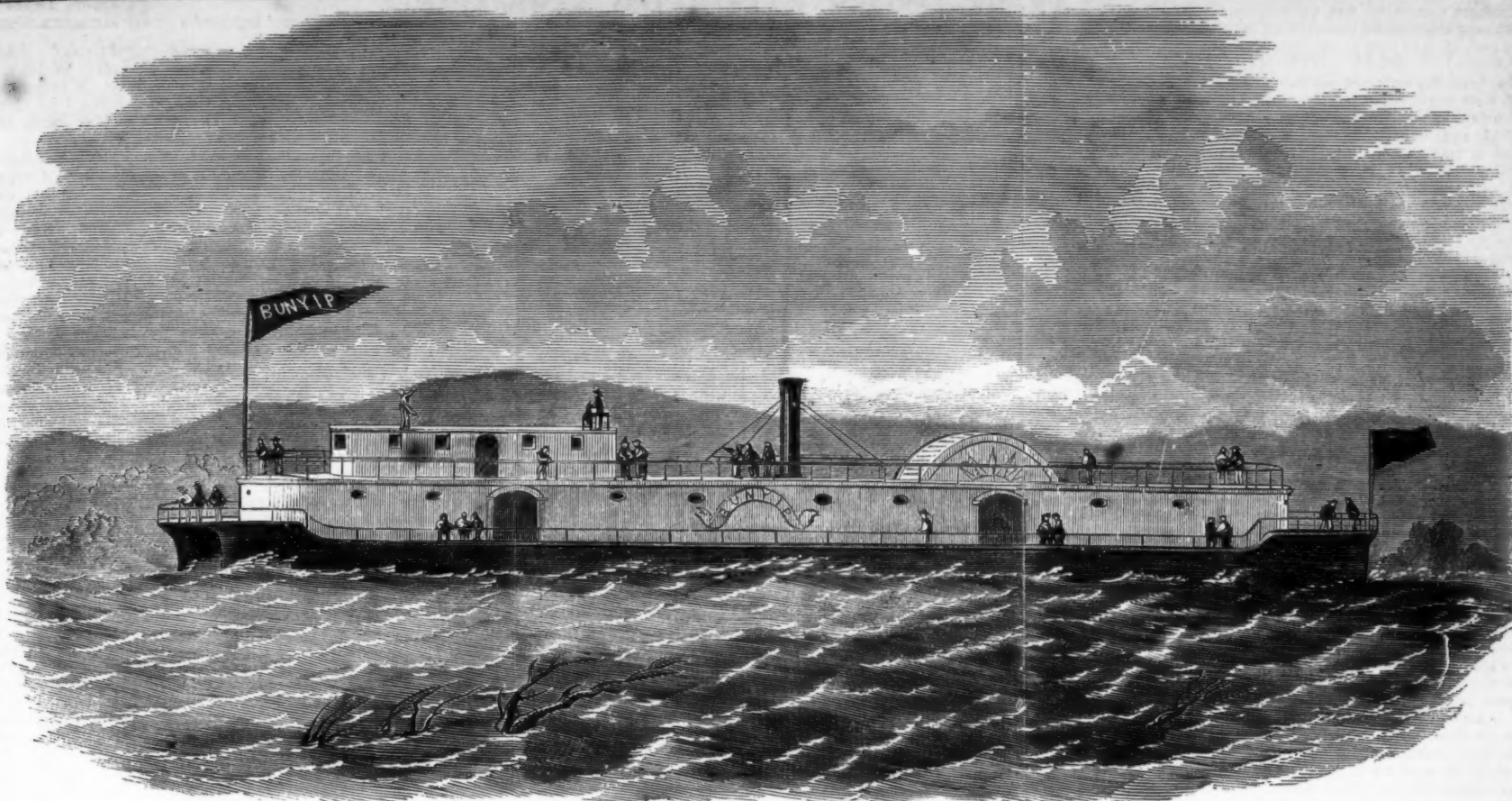
MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, whose name is so familiar to us in connection with her "Voyage Round the World," and other works, must be considered as one of the most remarkable women of this or any other time. The record of her adventurous career reads like a story in the Arabian Nights. She was born at Vienna, at the close of the last century, and lived a tranquil life until the age of forty-seven, nourishing, however, a strong passion for travel, and out of a narrow income forming a fund for the realization of her hopes.

In 1842 she started on her first journey; traversed Turkey, Palestine and Egypt; and published her diary, in the form of two small volumes. In 1845 she visited Scandinavia and Iceland, of which countries she wrote an interesting account. At length, on May 1, 1846, at the age of fifty-one, she left Vienna on her first tour round the world. She was accompanied for a short time by Count Berchthold; but in the course of their transit through Brazil that gentleman's strength failed him, and she proceeded alone to visit the Puri, or Indian aborigines of that country, going through a series of the most romantic adventures. From Brazil she proceeded, by way of Cape Horn, to Chili, and thence to Tahiti, an island which she thoroughly explored in a fortnight. She next reached China, but did not succeed in penetrating into the interior of that country; proceeded to Calcutta, and thence travelled overland to Bombay. After a short stay at that Presidency she started for Bassora, on her way to Bagdad. From this point she began a perilous journey to Mosul, travelling, as she described it, like the poorest Arab; and after many startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes from robbers and the treachery of her solitary guide, whom her resolution and courage alone kept in check, she achieved the passage of the Kocrdish Mountains, and arrived in safety at the missionary station of Oroomiah. There she continued her journey through Persia, and, returning homewards by way of Russia, Constantinople and Athens, reached Vienna in November, 1848.

In 1851, with the small capital of one hundred pounds, granted her by the Austrian Government, Madame Pfeiffer set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, intending a second time to make the circuit of the world. Her immediate object was to penetrate the Continent of Africa in the direction of the recently-discovered Lake Ngami; but the expense of travelling proved so great that she was obliged to content herself with a few rambles, and the execution of her second plan—that of exploring the Sunda Islands. In the beginning of 1852 she was at Sara-



QUAGGA OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



THE BUN-YIP, NEW AUSTRALIAN STEAMER.

wak, whence she penetrated into the interior of Borneo, and inspected the gold and diamond mines of Sandak. She afterwards visited Java and Sumatra, where she went among the cannibal tribe of the Batacks, hitherto generally avoided by Europeans, but whose fierce nature her calm and quiet bearing subdued, and she appears even to have won their respect, since none but a superhuman being, they asserted, could have ventured amongst them with no other protection but her weaknesses. She remained long enough among the savage tribes to become acquainted with their habits, and penetrated further than any preceding travellers. After visiting the Moluccas she proceeded to California, that execrable gold land, as she termed it, sailed down the western coast of America, reached the source of the Amazon River, crossed the Andes, beheld the snow-capped peaks of Chimborazo and Cotapaxi, and afterwards saw all that North America has to show of the grand and beautiful, and went to London, for the second time in the course of her journeyings, at the end of the year 1854.

Undaunted by the disadvantages of advancing age and very limited means, she undertook her last effort of travel in an attempt to explore the wild and inhospitable island of Madagascar. There she caught a fever, from which she never wholly recovered, and which terminated in her death, a short time since, in her native city of Vienna.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

A Tale of Life's Changes and Changes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE day wore on, and Mary still continued in a very critical condition. Every time she moved a moan escaped her, and she became so faint that the doctor feared she was relapsing again into her former dangerous state of prolonged asphyxia. He could not tell where the injury was; she had not been able to speak and describe her feelings, but I could discover that he feared she had received some dangerous internal hurt. The whole adult family from General Worthington's had hastened to the doctor's as soon as they heard of the sad misfortune, and never did maiden, high-born or lowly, receive more assiduous attention, or cause more heartfelt tears. The inviting and ample dinner was removed from the table almost untouched; for we all felt the influence of that powerful sympathy

which draws human hearts together, and makes them beat in unison, either for joy or woe.

The weather also, as if in sympathy with our sadness, began to change. The pine tree-tops gave out a louder moan, or a wilder wail, as if complaining that sorrow had come, where, a few short hours before, all had been bright and cheerful. The gay plumaged red-birds flew restlessly from tree to tree, and ceased their joyous singing, and the chattering bluejays set up a noisy concert. As the atmosphere grew dark the frogs from the river sounded their discordant notes from highest treble to lowest bass; the pea-fowls screamed, the turkeys gobbled, the cocks crew, and the cows and pigs came home for shelter.

"My dear," said General Worthington to Dora, "you see there's a storm coming. I never saw a more sudden change. I thought this morning that we should have pleasant weather for a week—but now!"—he walked up and down the room, and his voice trembled when he resumed his sentence—"but now everything is changed, everything!"

Dora came softly up to him, slipped her arm within his, looked up sweetly into his clouded face, and said, "Everything but the power and goodness of the Father above."

He rubbed his hands together and continued his walk, scarcely heeding the young wife who still hung upon his arm.

"We must get home before the storm comes up," said he at length.

"Are you going home?" asked Dora. "Oh, surely you will stay till there is some change in Mary?"

"There are too many here already," said the general.

Dora looked surprised and distressed at the shortness and character of his replies, and I certainly felt so. But nothing daunted Dora continued, "But she has been like our own child so long!"

"Dora, we must go."

"But cannot I remain?"

"If you wish to. But will not the little ones need you at home?"

"Oh, they are in good hands. Pray let us remain."

All this while the old general was walking the floor, and rubbing his hands. At this moment the carriage drove up to the door.

"Dora," said he, "there's the carriage, and I must go. You can stay if you prefer it."

Dora looked earnestly at her husband, and then at me, then again at her husband, still more earnestly. Feeling that she might wish to say something not to be heard by other ears, I, the only other person in the room, rose to go out.

"You needn't leave the room, my dear boy," said the general—he often called me boy—"you needn't go. You've seen and heard

what has passed, and I wish you to know what it is that has power to take me away from Mary while her life is still in danger. Read that, Dora." And he handed her a note, then threw himself heavily in a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Dora read the note, while I watched her countenance with some anxiety. The reading took not a moment's time, and I saw Dora's lip quiver. She handed the note to her husband, however, without a word. He raised his head, and merely said, "Show it to Richard."

It was from General Worthington's invalid daughter, Mrs. Gibbons, was written in a feeble and almost illegible hand, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Come to me at once. Oh God, when will my sorrows be over? Say nothing to Ned and Bettie."

"Your daughter, E. G."

"I'll be ready in a moment," said Dora, and she went out to prepare herself for the ride. When she returned, Bettie was with her.

"Why must you go, grandpapa?" asked she.

"We had better go, my dear," said he. "You can do without us here, can you not?"

"Oh, yes, grandpapa," replied Dora; "but it is such a comfort to have you here, and Mary will ask for you when she arrives."

"It is better for us to go," quietly replied the general. "We shall return, I hope, to-morrow."

So they went, each wringing my hand at parting, and giving Bettie an affectionate kiss, and I was left to conjecture the meaning of the short but startling note which I had read. I knew what those "sorrows" were of which Mrs. Gibbons spoke; I knew that the man who had sworn before God's holy altar "to love and to cherish" the pure and gentle being who left all to follow him, had shamefully broken his solemn vow; had basely betrayed his holy

trust, and that poor Mrs. Gibbons had long been dying of the slow torture which can only be inflicted through the avenues of the heart. I knew, moreover, that recently the horrible creature had added to his other accomplishments a greater love for the intoxicating cup than was consistent with the comfort, or even safety, of those around him; and I feared that afflictions of the most painful character might be added to that great sorrow which had already befallen us; for death, simple death, let it come ever so suddenly, can bring with it the angel of consolation; but there was no angel of consolation ever brought to any house or heart by such a man as



THE LATE MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

the one whose very countenance was enough to banish every pleasant thought or feeling.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MEANTIME the storm came on. The air grew darker and darker, and the wind whistled louder and louder, and though it was in the depths of winter, the thunder growled and muttered at a distance, and ever and anon there came a flash of lightning. This is not a very unusual thing in those southern latitudes. We wandered about, those of us who were shut out from Mary's room, for in truth the doctor had turned me out for bad behavior. I would keep feeling her forehead and hands in spite of his prohibition, and he took me by the shoulders and put me quietly out of the door. And, if the truth must be confessed, I had very little self-command where Mary was concerned.

Night came, and we were all seated in a large parlor divided from the one in which Mary was lying by a large hall or entry. We were scattered in different parts of the room, for though there was a large wood fire blazing in the chimney, it was not yet cold; but we felt that the air was getting that peculiar chilliness which sometimes accompanies a storm. Harry and I would rise occasionally and pace the floor with rapid steps, often stopping at the window to look forth into the darkness, which, with the exception of an occasional flash of lightning, was quite intense. Ned sat near a table with his face buried in his hands. Poor fellow! he had a double sorrow, for Lady Bettie had been his pet from childhood.

Charley and Horace Maxwell, and the twins, Rose and Lily, were seated in pairs, a significant omen, and we had seen of late a good many of them. Poor Bobby Tompkins sat solitary, his hands buried in his pockets, looking straight into the fire.

Presently he pricked up his ears. He had large ears, and a very flexible forehead, and he had a trick of backing his ears and pricking them up, for all the world like a horse.

"I hear some person a calling," at length he said. That, on a



THE LATE BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

Southern plantation, was no uncommon occurrence, and no one paid any attention to his remark; so, after gazing foolishly round at each of us in turn, he fixed his eyes once more upon the fire, and resumed his meditations. As for the rest of us, absorbed in our own overpowering thoughts, and occupied by the contending emotions of hope and fear, we had heard nothing but the perpetual moan of the stormy wind, the rattling of the window panes, the creaking and groaning of the two giant oaks which shaded the doorstep, the occasional barking of a dog, or dismal screeching of an owl.

At length Harry came to me and whispered, "Can you bear this suspense? I can't. Dr. Perry ought to come out sometimes, and tell us how things are going on in there."

"I think so too," said I; "but let us hope, Harry, that no news is good news. Even the careful opening and shutting of the door may disturb her."

Harry shook his head sadly, but said nothing; and taking my arm, we sauntered out together into the hall, and walked softly up and down the long and carpeted entry. The front door was a wide one, with narrow panes of glass on either side, and finding that one of these panes was broken, and was giving entrance to more wind and rain than was either pleasant or desirable, we concluded to stuff it up with something by way of meeting the present emergency.

While we were searching our pockets for handkerchiefs, newspapers, or what not, we both started, looked at each other, and stood stock still.

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"I can't imagine," said I; "it was a human voice."

Just then a dog outside gave a most fearful howl, which ended in a long-protracted whine, and made us both shudder; for only the night before we had been conversing on that very subject, and laughing at what we called the superstitions of the country. Several of the company had stoutly maintained that the howling of a dog always foreboded or attended death.

In a few moments we heard the distant sound again, borne through the broken pane, but could not make out what it was, and we concluded to go into the yard and try to satisfy ourselves. We proceeded to the back door, which was farthest from Mary; but the moment we opened the door some large object flew by us, and fluttering round and round, settled down just outside the door of the room in which lay our dear invalid. We had instantly shut the door without going out, and now we returned to see what it was that had passed us, and to remove it from Mary's neighborhood. But just then Dr. Perry came out from the room, probably to inquire into the cause of the commotion, when the bird instantly flew into the chamber he had just quitted, and dashing against a standing mirror which had been hastily brought down from one of the upper rooms, it fell to the floor, and was broken in pieces. Here were three dreadful omens all at once—the howling of a dog, the flight of a bird into the house, and the breaking of a mirror!

But now we were in terror for Mary. All the occupants of the other parlor, too, came rushing out to discover the cause of the noises they had heard, and to my terrified mind and excited nerves it seemed like confusion worse confounded. The doctor was the most composed of all. He hastily shut the door of Mary's room, still holding the latch in his hand, and whispered, "You had better all go back into the other room; or, if you stay here be perfectly quiet. I must go to Mary. I'll return in a moment and tell you how she bears all this." Then he softly opened the door and Harry and I slipped in with him.

But, to our surprise, all was perfectly quiet. Bettie had picked up the bird, and, to still the fluttering of its huge wings, appeared to be quietly choking it to death. Her large dark eyes were opened widely with a look of eager inquiry, but she said nothing and continued to hold the bird with a firm and murderous grasp.

Following the doctor to the lounge we bent over the unconscious sufferer, hardly daring to look at her, she lay so pale and quiet. The doctor felt her pulse, and then her forehead. Going to her feet he examined their condition, while our eyes followed him anxiously, gazing into his face to catch the expression of his countenance. We saw nothing there to alarm us.

Going to Bettie the doctor whispered, "She is in a natural sleep." We heard this, for we had followed him closely, as if our path of salvation lay under his footsteps. "Stay here," he continued, still addressing Bettie, "and if she awakes before I return give her some more of the same mixture. Here, give me the bird. Poor thing! I'll be bound you've killed it!" And so she had; the poor bird was dead.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WHAT the dickens is all this?" asked the doctor when we, accompanied by the whole group we had left in the entry, had reached once more the end of the passage, and were about opening again the back door.

"We heard several times," I replied, "the tones of a human voice, borne, as it were, from a distance, and were going out of this door to find out something more about it. Just as we opened the door in flew that bird, as if it had been waiting for admission. Can it be Poe's raven?"

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Tompkins, with unwonted animation. "What!" said the doctor, "that Poe's raven was waiting to come in? Did you hear it tapping?"

He looked vacantly at the doctor and round on all of us, as if wondering what it all meant, and beseeching somebody to give him an explanation. Harry came to the rescue. "Oh yes, Tompkins," said he, "you did say you heard some one calling—"

"But not a-tapping," hastily interrupted Tompkins; "I didn't say I heard any one a-tapping."

"I don't suppose you did," said the doctor; "but let's go out and see into this. Take care now, all of you—excepting you, girls—you go back, Rose and Lily; you may go now into that room and stay with Bettie; she's worth the whole of you—take care now, we mustn't let the door blow open; I'll hold it while you pass out one by one; pray Heaven there be no more ravens about!"

The doctor thought Mary better, and his spirits were fast rising to their natural pitch. We all got safely outside of the door, and it was carefully shut by the doctor.

No sooner had he shut the door than we heard the sound again, and plainly enough now. Amid the howlings of the blast, the crash of falling trees, the roaring of the stream, and the mutterings of the thunder, we heard, borne across the river, the sound of human voices.

"They must be travellers caught in the storm," said the doctor. "They are hallooing to be put across the ferry. Good heavens! what will become of them?"

"Is there no house on the other side?" I inquired; for though I had often passed the ferry, and knew that there was no house in sight, I knew also that it was the custom of the people to build their houses off the road, and approach them by long and winding avenues.

"No house nearer than two miles, and they could never find that, even if they knew it was there," said the doctor.

"Could they possibly cross the river in such a storm?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not," was the reply, "but it's horrible for them to have to stay there. I'll go and see what old Neptune says, he knows as much about the river as old Sambo. I see a light in his house now, there, the third house in the 'quarter'; do you see it?"

"Yes," said I, "suppose we go there."

All this time we had been turning our backs to the wind, and holding on to our hats; and now we started for the "nigger quarter." It was hard work to get there.

The door we found fastened, and, notwithstanding the storm, the inmates were evidently in the height of enjoyment. We knocked and pummelled without being heard, and every moment the hearty hys! hys! of the negroes rose above the din of the storm. Dark

and angry as all outward nature seemed, within that humble room all appeared bright and happy. The ruddy light created by the negroes' blessing a chunk of "fat light-wood," came streaming out into the darkness through numerous cracks and crevices, and the cheerful tones of those within appeared to come from hearts free from life's cares or sorrows.

Finding that he could not make himself heard, the doctor picked up a pretty heavy stick, and began banging at the door. The silence within was deep and instantaneous, and presently a voice, which we recognized as that of old Neptune, called out, "Who dah, dat? Is dat de patrol?"

"I'll patrol you if you don't let us in, you old sinner!" said his master. "Are you going to keep us in this rain all night?"

"Why, massa, dat dah you? Yer, you niggers! help me for open dis yer do' quick!" said Neptune. "Consa'n de do', he so ha'd for open!" and after considerable-pulling and swearing, the door swung open, and we entered.

Old Neptune and his company looked rather astonished to see so large a party; "Yes, you old scamp!" said his master, "you're a cunning rogue. You've made your door open hard on purpose. You'd like to have time to hide any wicked doings you may be about, before the patrol can get in. I'm up to your tricks!"

"Cla, massa," said Neptune, "dah no sich a ting; 'tis de natur ob de do'. He's de tightest shettin' do' I ebber see. Eh! eh! massa, ole Neptin no fraid ob no patrol."

"Well, come, stop your nonsense," said the doctor, "and tell me if you think old Sambo—with extra help, of course—could put any body across the river to-night." A deep groan from some part of the room accompanied this question.

"Farrer alive, massa! not by no means!" exclaimed Neptune. "Ef old Sambo was yer, he would tell you dat berry same ting he self." Here a slight snicker from the little negroes attracted my attention.

"Don't you think, Neptune," said I, "that if you were to help old Sambo, in fact, if we were all to help, it could be done?"

"Cla, my massa, de flat would swamp. No massa, we couldn't keep a holt ob de rope not ef dere been a hundud of us."

"Wouldn't this help a little?" inquired Harry, holding up a ten dollar gold piece.

"Wha dah dat, my massa?"

"A ten dollar piece."

"Ten dollar! whew! Cla, massa," said Neptune scratching his head, "I fraid eben dat wouldn't do it. Dis dah de biggest blow we had dese ten year. But le' me see!" and he scratched his head again.

"Tell um yes, nigger!" came from some mysterious quarter. Neptune rolled his eyes around, and seemed to have some difficulty to keep from choking. At length he could stand it no longer, and fairly exploded, clapping his hands on his stomach, and laughing till he bent nearly double. Finally he went to a bed which stood in one corner, and stooping down to look under it, took hold of a pair of feet, by which he dragged out a negro man who struggled and kicked considerably. "Get up yer, you ole possum!" shouted he, "get up yer, an' show youself!" The negro soon rose to his feet, and we saw that it was the veritable old Sambo himself.

"Aha!" said the doctor, "no wonder the door opens hard! no wonder you thought of the patrol! Why, Sambo, what business have you here, leaving poor travellers to perish on the other side of the river?"

"Kigh! massa," said Sambo, looking somewhat ashamed, "I left my ole ooman down dey in de ferry house, wid positive 'rections for call me ef anybody bin want me. I bin know, my massa, dat dey couldn't be no travelers sich a night as dis."

"But there are though," said the doctor.

"Eh! eh! whey, massa?"

"Why, on the other side; they've been calling for this hour, and I shouldn't be surprised if they're all drowned by this time. Remember, if they are, you'll be hung for murder, and Neptune too for harboring you, when you ought to be at your post."

"Cla, massa," said Neptune, "I ent bin 'tice um for come 'tall; he come yer he own self, dat he did."

"You git out, Neptin," said Sambo; "ent you bin ax me for come for dr—"

"Nebber! you lie, sir; you come your own self!" exclaimed Neptune; "an' you bring your own—"

"Come, come!" interrupted the doctor, "that's enough! We don't care about that. What we want to know is if you can get the flat across?"

"Is dey people t'urrer side for true, massa?" asked Sambo, "or is you only jokin' wid de po' ole nigger?"

"I tell you," said the doctor, hastily, "there are people there, and they've been hallooing for Heaven only knows how long. Now, can you get them over here?"

"I nebber did put de boat 'cross, my massa, in sich an onreas'nable blow as dis," said Sambo; "but if massa say so, de po' ole nigger kin but try." And he shook his head with a very persecuted air. I told Harry to hold up the gold piece, which he did, and Sambo continued, "De Lord knows I redder risk my life dan hab anybody parrish for de want ob help! Brudder Neptin, come! Come, my brudder, let we go to de po' parrishin' creeturs! De Lord hab massy on we all!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

We proceeded in a body to the river; but the doctor, who did not like to leave Mary so long, fearing that some change might require his immediate attention, said he would not attempt to cross. Sometimes we plunged to the knees in a mudhole, and then fell prostrate over a fallen tree; but we picked each other up, and floundered on.

"You can recommender, brudder Neptin," said Sambo, "dah night Mass Gidjun Lee nigger all bin drowned when dey was bin tryin' for git de flat 'cross? He was jist sich anoder tempesturus night as dis yer."

"I hab a 'stinct mem'ry ob um, Sambo," replied Neptune; "we was boys den—no more'n knee high. I re-pec' dah mus' be more'n eighty year: let's see—yes, more'n eighty year 'go."

"Yes, for true; more'n dat for true," said Sambo. "Mass Gidjun nebber holt' he head up at 'wards."

"It was jist forty-five years ago, boys," said the doctor; "what's the use of lying?"

"Eh, eh! massa, you forget," said Sambo. "Enty he bin more'n dat?"

"Not a bit more," said the doctor.

These few sentences had not been uttered without immense difficulty, being often cut short by a sudden plunge, which jerked the words out strangely.

"But remember, boys," said the doctor, "those negroes had all been drinking; and I'm afraid you've been doing the very same thing."

"Nebber you be 'fraid ob me, massa; you doesn't gib us so much dram like Mass Gidjun bin gib he nigger," said Neptune.

"Times are changed since the days of Gideon Lee," said the doctor; "and, besides, the poor fellow loved the bottle too well himself. It was the death of him at last."

We had now reached the river. The people on the other side had apparently given up in despair the attempt to make themselves heard, for the sounds had ceased that had reached us before we left the house. The storm by this time had become really fearful. It was well for us that there were no trees near the ferry, for we could hear them falling continually. The cold, wet leaves, borne from some distance by the roaring wind, came slapping in our faces, but this was only when the rain for a moment ceased; for, like the wind, which came in gusts, the rain would fall in torrents for a few minutes, and then suddenly almost cease. The wayward spirit of the storm baffled all human forethought or calculation, and we scarcely knew from one moment to another what to expect.

"You mek mistake, massa," said Sambo; "day ent nobody ober day, leas'tways I ent yer nutt'n."

"But we did hear them, Sambo, plainly enough," said the doctor. "We've been so long in getting here that I'm afraid they've gone back to look for some house, and they'll never come out of that forest alive. Heavens, how it blows!" And it did blow with a vengeance.

"You must call to them, Sambo," resumed the doctor; we must do what we can to get them over."

Sambo gave one of those prolonged unearthly yells which he had learned in his vocation, and we waited for the answer. It was not long in coming. The voice spake some words in a rapid, earnest tone, but, as the wind blew another way, we could not distinguish a word.

"Keep up good ha't," shouted Sambo; "please God, we comin' ober for you."

"Well, the Almighty be with you all!" said the doctor, in a solemn tone; "I would risk my life with yours, but I may be wanted at the house. Richard, you musn't go."

"Don't tek no mo' han's way, massa," said old Sambo; "it'll 'quire all de help we kin git for holt' de rope."

"I think I'll go then," said the doctor. "I think I'll not be needed much at home."

"No, no! doctor," we all cried out; "go to Mary! go to Mary!"

The doctor left us with another fervent benediction, and we all entered the boat. It was a large flat boat, rather the worse for wear; and it was not without some sinking of the heart that I committed myself to the roaring, raging torrent; and I suppose that was the feeling of us all. It was certainly a hazardous undertaking. A strong rope was stretched across the river, and well secured at both ends; but who could tell whether it would endure the strain to which it which it was now to be subjected? And if the frail rope parted, there would be very little chance for any of us.

Under Sambo's direction, we all went to work. The brave old fellow, now that he had made up his mind to the job, set about it very cheerfully; and I must do him the justice to believe that the gold he had seen was by no means uppermost in his thoughts.

It may be asked why the negroes of the plantation were not detailed for this difficult and dangerous voyage. In the first place, we never thought about them at all; and in the second, it is not probable that we should have called upon them if we had. The undertaking was one which required judgment, coolness and presence of mind; qualities for which the negro race are not remarkable. There were six of us, beside the two negroes, and we committed ourselves to the care of Heaven, and went to work with strong hands and earnest hearts.

Old Sambo untied the boat. "Hol' on now, gen'men, wid all you might!" he shouted; and so we did. The boat swung partially round with great violence, almost fracturing the arms of some of us; but we held on, and brought her to again. The large strong rope groaned and creaked, and seemed as if uttering warnings and upbraidings to the rash mortals who were braving the elements in their fearful strife. But it stood the test itself most wonderfully; and after many struggles, and not a few misgivings, we neared the opposite shore.

We held on manfully till Sambo and Neptune had secured the boat, and then were glad enough to rest. Our hands were cramped and blistered; but, thankful that we were not lying at the bottom of the river, we bore the suffering with exemplary patience. But now for the travellers.

They were two gentlemen, who were travelling on horseback. It was so intensely dark that we could only grope our way to them, guided by the sound of their voices. They informed us that they had pushed on, hoping to reach the ferry before the storm had become violent; but that it came on with a rapidity and a fury they had little expected.

"How long is you bin yer, gen'tmen?" inquired Neptune.

"Two mortal hours!" replied one of them, "and we are nearly dead. It wasn't safe to go into the forest under the trees for shelter; and we've been standing in this pelting rain and horrible wind, or walking about to keep life in us. We were afraid you couldn't get the boat over."

"No more'n we couldnt," said Sambo, "ef dese yer gen'tmen an' God A'mighty heself hadn't a help us."

"It was a very difficult matter," said I, "as my hands and arms can testify; and my shoulders ache as if they had been dislocated."

"So do mine!" said several voices.

"Now you know, gen'tmen," remarked Sambo, "wha' dis yer po' ole nigger feel all de time."

"It's no such thing, Sambo," said one of the travellers; "you're used to it."

"Kigh, massa!" exclaimed Sambo, "you does know ole Sambo, den? Who is you, massa?"

"Never mind! you'll find out, Sambo, when I come to settle with you. We'll pay you well if you get us over safely."

"My dear massa," exclaimed Sambo, "don't talk 'bout money! Ebber sence ole Sambo bin boss ob dis yer ribber—let's see—dese sixty year—ole Sambo nebber turn he back 'pon he duty. Don't talk 'bout money. Money 'ent nutt'n to Sambo; 'tis he duty; dat's de ting ole Sambo lub!"

"You don't care about that gold piece then, I suppose, Sambo," remarked Harry.

"And you don't hide under beds," said I.

"Eh! eh! massa, now you too ha'ad 'pon de ole nigger—but hello! yer come de harricane! hole on fas', ebbery body!"

And sure enough, the wind, which had lulled a little during the previous conversation, now came rushing onward with renewed fury; and for some moments it required all our strength to resist the onset. We huddled together in a compact mass, holding firmly to each other; or I verily believe we should have been lifted bodily from the ground, and whirled, like helpless atoms, through the air. The two horses of the travellers, alarmed by the terrible confusion and uproar of the elements, pulled so hard upon the bridles, which were flung over the arms of their masters, that they were forced to let them go; and away they galloped, no one knew whither. None of us, at that moment, had a single thought or feeling but the bare instinct of self-preservation. I shall never forget that night.

(To be continued.)

A Dutchman up at Schaghticoke, by the name of Kendrick, had a son by the name of Jacob, or Yauppy as the Dutch usually call it, with whose education he had taken much pains, instructing him in all the rudiments of good breeding, &c., until he became satisfied that his boy Yauppy was a perfect specimen of obedience and good manners, and he took every occasion to show off Yauppy's accomplishments and sound his praise among his neighbors. He said that "Yauppy had more larcin' den most all de boys in de school; he can read all through de spelling-book, and spell all through de reading-books, and could tell all de pictures in de pig Bible."

Kendrick was visited one day by his dominie, who called to inquire into the state of his moral and religious affairs, and to give instructions to his family. Kendrick, thinking it a good opportunity to show off his paragon of a son, and wishing at the same time to be kind and civil to his dominie, called out to his boy in an adjoining room,

"Yauppy, you go down in de cellar and draw de tomble a bitchen of cider; but—"

"Go," said Yauppy, "and draw the cider yourself; you know where it is as well as I do."

This was rather a stumper to poor Kendrick; but, being unwilling that his dominie should go away with an unfavorable impression of Yauppy's manners, undertook to apologize for him.

"Tomble," said he, "dat is de name of de pest little poy I ever sed in my life, but he has a very bad cold now!"

A man who can have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner, to a big, burly fellow, who was standing upon his toes,

"My dear sir, are you a miller?"

"No, sir; why do you ask?"

"Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one too, because you have been grinding my corns this half hour without taking toll."

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